# 101 Infamy

Every year during the contest, there was a lot of special programs that covered different matches. Although Contest Center was just a new program, it was produced by Huaxing Station, which was a prominent TV station. With a celebrity host Fang Mingquan, the program had good ratings and was among top 100 in the Alliance.  
  
Top 100 may sound less than impressive, but was in fact an amazing achievement. In the entire Alliance, each planet had tens of thousands of programs, many of which were from the authority. It was quite something to stand out and be among top 100.  
  
And of course, during the contest, a program focusing on the contest itself would naturally have higher ratings.  
  
On this day, the content of Contest Center caused an uproar in the Alliance. Fang Mingquan had introduced and analyzed Dollar’s current situation and predicted that this year Dollar would become the final champion, which had lead to outspread outrage.  
  
"Fang Mingquan is a retard. Look at Dollar’s performance, how can he win?"  
  
"We know that you are famous because of Dollar’s video. But there is no need to kiss Dollar’s ass like this."  
  
"Rubbish. If Dollar is the champion, I will live broadcast myself eating s\*#t."  
  
"What do you think of Yi Dongmu if you think Dollar could win?"  
  
"Ha-ha, Fang Mingquan is so dumb. Dollar will meet Yi Dongmu before he gets to top 10. He’d be lucky to survive. To win? LMAO."  
  
"My Tang Zhenliu would never let him!"  
  
"My Lin Feng would never let him!"  
  
"Stupid, stupid, stupid..."  
  
"Although I also like Dollar, he didn’t do that well in the contest so far."  
  
"Fang Mingquan, you are too subjective about this. I can’t even watch this stuff and I am a fan of Dollar’s."  
  
"You call yourself a fan? Go be other people’s fan, please."  
  
"Dollar is nothing compared to Yi."  
  
"Yi must win."  
  
"Dollar little angel, I will always support you."  
  
…  
  
Contest Center and Fang Mingquan had been made a hit by all the criticism. Many peers were satirical about Fang’s grandstanding, too. Some even asked him to quit journalism.  
  
Except for a few hardcore fans of Dollar, all comments on Fang was negative. Even many Dollar’s fans thought Fang’s report was over the top and didn’t dare to support him.  
  
"Fang, I’m sorry you are wronged." In the conference room of Huaxing Station, Xu Kangnian grinned from ear to ear.  
  
Although Contest Center and Fang Mingquan were severely criticized, the ratings had risen a lot, sending the show in top 50.  
  
A large number of other contestants’ fans flooded into Contest Center, especially those who supported Yi Dongmu, this year’s dark horse who would encounter Dollar before becoming the Chosen. The Skynet community of the show had almost burst.  
  
Although it was only top 50, for Huaxing Station it was a great achievement. There had been less than a handful of shows that could accomplish this in the station’s history.  
  
Therefore, Xu Kangnian was quite pleased with what Fang Mingquan had done and Wang Changqing was naturally upset. He didn’t know that Fang Mingquan would try to improve the ratings this way.  
  
"This is just my job. I have Director Xu to thank for my achievement." Fang Mingquan said modestly, flattering Xu at the same time.  
  
Xu Kangnian was even happier and patted Fang Mingquan on the shoulder. "Fang, keep talking about Dollar and the stronger you say he is the better. If everything goes well, we might have even higher ratings and could break our record."  
  
"Please rest assured that I will do my best." Fang Mingquan did not think it was grandstanding as he sincerely believed Dollar would win. However, others didn’t see it that way. Fortunately, the result was good anyway. For a journalist, criticism was not always a bad thing.  
  
Xu Kangnian praised Fang Mingquan some more. After the meeting was over and Xu had left, Wang Changqing said coldly, "You are ignoring the facts for fame. You might be popular now but the reputation of the program would be ruined by you. Which station would hire you in the future? Xu’s compliment means nothing. You think you can get away with it when he finds out the show was discredited?"  
  
Of course, Fang Mingquan understood that as well. Someone had to take the fall when the fad passed. He himself would be that someone in this case. Xu was just trying to keep him onboard now to raise the ratings. Fang had been in this industry long enough to know that.  
  
Smiling, Fang Mingquan looked at Wang Changqing and asked, "What if Dollar really wins?"  
  
Wang Changqing paused. If Dollar really wins, then Contest Center would become famous for real and Fang Mingquan’s name would become a household name. Xu Kangnian would treat Fang like the God of Wealth.  
  
"Keep on dreaming," Wang Changqing scoffed. Anyone could see that Dollar did not have what it took to win. He was just average and far from top 10, let alone winning.  
  
"Whether you believe it or not, I firmly believe that Dollar will be the champion." Fang Mingquan got up and went away.  
  
"Idiot," Wang Changqing whispered. He was waiting to see how miserable Fang would be.  
  
Han Sen did not go on the Skynet, so he was not aware of the debate about Contest Center. At the moment, he was practicing with Tang Zhenliu in Fang Jingqi’s villa.  
  
Although Tang Zhenliu would not meet Yi Dongmu before top 10, he felt like they were going to meet when they were both top 10 eventually. So, he was still practicing with Han Sen when he had time.  
  
Only Han Sen knew that Tang would not ecounter Yi Dongmu because he would eliminate Yi himself before Yi rose to top 10.  
  
But a sparring partner like Tang was so precious that Han Sen was happy to oblige.  
  
Having practiced for two days, Tang finally let Han Sen go just before the next round of match began.  
  
Han Sen knew who his opponent was and did not panic. He had made up his mind to practice in the match and gain some practical experience from his opponent.  
  
After all, these were the champions of different shelters and it was such a rare opportunity to fight them one-on-one. Han Sen had not much experience in this kind of matches and was happy that he got a chance to gain some.  
  
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# 102 See you at the final

Han Sen had made up his mind to practice Bladestorm in the contest by using Bladestorm only when facing his opponents. If others dared to do this, they might have died a million deaths already. But Han Sen was in sacred-blood armor, so hardly any attack was fatal to him. That was why he could practice in the contest.  
  
Han Sen had given up on using his mutant sawfish spear. Without good spear skills, this weapon was useless in front of these champions.  
  
Fighting opponents of different styles, Han Sen had made great progress and his Bladestorm got better and better--as long as his opponent was not too fearsome, he could always cope with using just Bladestorm, but it was always the bloody slayer that got him the victory.  
  
This way, Han Sen's matches had become very hard to watch. He was always winning by a narrow margin and there were times it seemed that he was about to lose.  
  
And there were two matches in which his opponents had already been seriously injured in their last rounds and were thus easily defeated by Han Sen. Everyone thought he got lucky.  
  
The negative reports about Dollar were overwhelming. And in particular, the high praise Fang Mingquan sang in Contest Center fanned the flames.  
  
Fang Mingquan was talking through his hat—as an evolver who could not even enter First God’s Sanctuary, he managed analyze so much from his reporters’ oral account alone. In general, he was saying Dollar was invincible, everything was in control and Dollar would be the final winner.  
  
This of course had attracted much hatred toward Fang Mingquan and Contest Center. It chanced that although Dollar’s matches were never fun to watch, he had never lost either, which supported Fang’s claim.  
  
The criticism got worse and worse. Especially those who were optimistic about Yi Dongmu were sniffy about everything Fang said and objected each day.  
  
Yi Dongmu was still keeping a formidable record. In two consecutive rounds he was able to kill his opponents in one blow, causing many of his following opponents to quit the matches against him.  
  
In three consecutive rounds, all his opponents threw in the towel, which made Yi’s fame peak. Many media were running lengthy features about him and many predicted he would be the final champion this year.  
  
He had even stolen Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng’s thunder.  
  
As for the Contest Center, Fang Mingquan and Dollar, they had become a big joke in the press.  
  
"Dollar will win" had become a popular spoof this year, as an irony, of course.  
  
Some people found that Yi Dongmu and Han Sen would meet before one became the Chosen and posted the finding on the Skynet, which caused a heated discussion.  
  
"I sincerely pray every day that Dollar had to keep winning so that he could meet Yi Dongmu, who will teach him what a master looks like."  
  
"Ha-ha, funny! I agree, God bless Dollar!"  
  
"Bless Dollar!"  
  
"Bless Dollar!"  
  
...  
  
"Bless Dollar" had also become a buzzword, and was seen everywhere in the comments of all sorts of programs about the contest.  
  
Especially in the online community of Contest Center, "bless Dollar" would flood the screen every day.  
  
Han Sen knew about this, but did not react at all. He never thought of Yi as his equal.  
  
In the Han Sen’s view, the likelihood of Yi Dongmu winning Tang was less than 30 percent, and if Yi met Lin Feng, he would stand no chance.  
  
The opponent Han Sen really cared about was Lin Feng. These days he had seen many matches and had a general understanding of most contestants, among whom he felt Lin Feng was the most formidable.  
  
This quiet and gentle man made him feel unpredictable. His every move seemed very natural but followed a strange rhythm. Han Sen’s prejudgment was quite good, but he was unable to predict Lin’s rhythm, which scared him.  
  
Han Sen had seen every match of Lin Feng’s and almost all the matches were closely-fought. Lin was always winning by a small margin. Almost all Lin’s opponents performed outstandingly and they all lost nonetheless. It felt so strange that Han Sen cringed.  
  
"Formidable guy," Han Sen commented. He knew his techniques and strength were both weaker than Lin. Luckily he would not meet Lin before top 10, or else he was not sure if he could become the Chosen.  
  
Tang was still practicing how to avoid Han Sen’s attacks in a close fight. He was not making much progress though.  
  
But Lin Feng said if Tang met Yi Dongmu, Yi would not be much of a threat to Tang, which was close to Han Sen’s judgment—Yi didn’t get the essence of the art of assassination, so he could hardly beat Tang.  
  
Perhaps the phrase "bless Dollar" played a role here. In the next rounds, Han Sen’s opponents either were badly injured or lost important beast souls in the previous rounds and some even had accidents in the Alliance. It took Han Sen no effort to keep rising. Even Han Sen himself felt quite incredible.  
  
Those fans of the Yi Dongmu gave Hen Sen another nickname "Lucky D," taunting his lack of real skill.  
  
One day, after the end of a match, Han Sen came down from the stage and saw Lin Feng finishing his match as well. Their stages were close, so Lin saw him and to his surprise, walked toward him.  
  
Many around them had noticed this scene. After all, Lin Feng was the runner-up last year. although his performance was not that brilliant this year, he was still a favorite. Also, Han Sen had been the center of attention for a while.  
  
Lin Feng approached Han Sen. He smiled and reached out a hand, "Always wanted to say hello to you, but never had a chance."  
  
"Same here." Han Sen shook his hand.  
  
Lin seemed to be satisfied with this, and said, "See you at the final."  
  
Lin turned away, but his words stunned everyone who was listening, as if they had seen a 12.0 magnitude earthquake.  
  
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# 103 The Fight between the King and the Imposter

It turned out to be a 12.0 magnitude earthquake in the press indeed.  
  
Lin Feng had asked someone to meet him in the final, yet that someone was not Yi Dongmu, but Dollar, who was considered an imposter.  
  
All major media had reported this, and Fang Mingquan from Contest Center was especially excited about it and had analyzed it from all angles. His conclusion was that "Dollar was simply great."  
  
But obviously the major media and fans didn’t share his enthusiasm. They thought Lin Feng wanted to gain popularity by participating in the grandstanding becaused he was no longer the center of attention.  
  
"Rubbish. Lin was the runner-up last year but he had no vision. No wonder he was only the runner-up. Let him keep his ranking and be second to my Yi Dongmu this time."  
  
"Keep his ranking? You think too much of him. He’d have to be lucky to make it in top 10."  
  
"Lin and Dollar are just two weak guys feeling bad about themselves."  
  
"Ha-ha, Yi Dongmu will get rid of Dollar in seconds before he beats Lin to show them who the real king is."  
  
"What the heck? If Lin was going to see someone in the final, it should be Yi Dongmu."  
  
"Even if it is not Yi, at least it should be Tang Zhenliu, right? How is Lucky D relevant?"  
  
The Skynet had exploded for this matter. However, Lin Feng and Han Sen, the two who had caused it did not realize this at all. One was enjoying tea with Tang Zhenliu and Fang Jingqi, and the other was playing Hand of God in the gym of the teleport station.  
  
Han Sen had spent all his time playing Hand of God when he was not practicing with Tang. But he had never been able to make another breakthrough. He always had one or two small mistakes with evolver-4.  
  
Han Sen knew that he had reached his limit in both physique and reflexes. If he had no improvement in geno points, it was impossible for him to go any further.  
  
Therefore he decided to take a break from Hand of God. Han Sen acquired two daggers and tried to practice Sleeveblade with both hands. Although he was not as good as Gambler, he could produce the daggers from his sleeves and put them back skillfully at the moment. Even someone very observant could hardly see his hands move, but it was just a start on Sleeveblade.  
  
When Han Sen took the daggers back, his hands would shake slightly while Gambler was able to keep his hands perfectly still and retrieve the dirks using only his arm and palm muscles. Han Sen was not even close to that.  
  
This mislead Han Sen to think that he needed to pass all the levels of Hand of God before he could get somewhere with Sleeveblade.  
  
"After I win tomorrow’s match, I will fight Yi Dongmu. If I beat him, I will become the Chosen and enter the ranking round, where I will meet Lin Feng, which I actually look forward to." Han Sen recovered his dagger, slowly closed his eyes, and thought about all the matches he had experienced.  
  
The next day, Han Sen had an easy victory once again. His opponent still had not recovered from a bad injury and failed to show up.  
  
Han Sen walked down the stage and wanted to see Lin Feng’s match, but someone stopped him.  
  
"I hope tomorrow you will have the guts to stand in front of me, because I will kill you." Yi Dongmu said coldly and walked past Han Sen without so much as throwing him a glance.  
  
Almost everyone who saw this went crazy. Yi Dongmu’s words caused another storm on the Skynet.  
  
Basically everyone was guessing if tomorrow Dollar would dare to show up. The majority predicted that Dollar would quit.  
  
After all, the difference between the two was huge. Yi Dongmu’s performance had been outstanding and he had even killed several celebrity rivals, including Dragon Swordsman, who had the tenth place last year.  
  
Dollar, on the other hand, had a rough journey. And he was here more for his luck than for his actual strength.  
  
Except for Fang Mingquan who predicted Dollar would get a total victory, almost all TV personnel believed Dollar would either quit or die.  
  
On the day of the match, the martial rings in all shelters were packed with people who were waiting to watch the match through the sacred stele.  
  
This was absolutely the most controversial fight in the entire contest this year, and people called it the fight between the king and the imposter. Almost everyone in First God’s Sanctuary was watching and the number of viewers was even bigger than that of the final last year.  
  
The popularity of this match was in part due to Contest Center and Fang Mingquan. Or else there wouldn’t be so many people who were paying attention to Dollar and the media would not have cooked up such a hype.  
  
The field reporters all wished to interview Yi Dongmu and Dollar before they started. Although there was no way to record it, it was enough that everyone in the First God’s Sanctuary could see it at such a crucial moment.  
  
Unfortunately, neither Yi nor Dollar had appeared, but they saw Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng. It was hours until their own matches so they must be here to watch the fight between Yi and Dollar.  
  
The clever reporters quickly squeezed over and circled Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng. They loudly asked,  
  
"Lin Feng, I’m from Contest Front. Who do you think will win this fight?"  
  
"Lin Feng, I am from Contest Corner. You said you would see Dollar in the final. Do you still believe that?"  
  
"I’m from Contest Center. Lin Feng, do you and Dollar know each other? Why did you ask him to see you in the final?"  
  
...  
  
Lin Feng quietly smiled. "Haven’t I already said that I will see him in the final?"  
  
Lin then walked toward his seat and sat down.  
  
Those journalists quickly circled Tang Zhenliu who was behind Lin and bombarded him with all sorts of questions.  
  
Tang gracefully tossed his hair back and said with pride, "No matter who wins, it will be the same for me, as I will get the first place."  
  
He paused, and before the reporters reacted to his comment, he continued, "If you are asking which of the two will win, then of course it’s Dollar. Isn’t that obvious?"  
  
The reporters were shocked. Not only Lin Feng, but also Tang Zhenliu said Dollar would win, which was the opposite what they had thought.  
  
But when they were trying to ask again, Tang Zhenliu had gone away as well.  
  
Only the reporter from Contest Center was overjoyed, who quickly teleported out of God’s Sanctuary and reported what Lin and Tang had said.  
  
When Yi Dongmu and Han Sen both showed up, First God’s Sanctuary went buzzing. The cheers for Yi overwhelmed those for Dollar.  
  
In the martial ring of Steel Armor Shelter.  
  
"Stationmaster, do you think Dollar will win?" Yang Manli asked Qin Xuan sitting next to her nervously.  
  
"He robbed my quota to go so I will not forgive him if he’s not even in top 10." Qin Xuan said fiercely, while knowing that it would be difficult to beat Yi Dongmu who had shown incredible skills in previous matches.  
  
"He will lose for sure. He was simply not on the same level as Yi Dongmu." Son of Heaven said in a cold voice.  
  
"I do not want to listen to these words. My Dollar is the best," displeased, Qing gave his mouth a downward twist and said. He and Yuan had been going to all Dollar’s matches.  
  
"Whether you like it or not, it is the fact," Son of Heaven said casually.  
  
"Didn’t you say the same thing last time? Well?" Qing grinned and asked, leaving Son of Heaven’s face darkened.  
  
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# 104 Not Bad

On the stage, Yi Dongmu coldly stared at Han Sen and said in a flat voice, "Well, since you dare to come, then get ready to die."  
  
Drawing the dagger from his waist, Yi had a murderous look on his face.  
  
"Do you think this is some Kung Fu movie?" Han Sen scoffed inwardly. He didn’t believe someone would actually say such dramatic words in real life.  
  
Han Sen did not reply, but shapeshifted into the bloody slayer, grabbed the hilt of the Shura katana and ran toward Yi Dongmu.  
  
The bloody slayer had a great speed, and was as fast as a fighter aircraft at its full speed. Instantaneously Dollar was in Yi’s face.  
  
The viewers all wondered whether Dollar had lost his mind to approach Yi, who was best at close combat. Almost no one could avoid his fatal blow after being approached by him.  
  
"Wow… Dollar is nuts. He not only approached Yi, but was also using a katana. At least use your spear so that you can keep the distance."  
  
"A misstep by Dollar. He should have come with a bow and arrows. Even if he doesn’t know archery, shooting down from the above is a thousand times better than getting close to Yi."  
  
Yi’s fans were overjoyed. "This idiot wanders so willingly into Yi’s lap. It would be hard not to beat him."  
  
Yi Dongmu sneered and shapeshifted into a mutant monkey more than six feet tall with a thick tail, which greatly improved his strength and speed.  
  
Yi Dongmu had a sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul as well, but it was not similar to the shape of a human body. If he could not use his skills and sacred-blood dagger, the sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul would do more harm than good.  
  
There were few creatures that had the shape close to human, and even fewer that looked human. Except for that sacred-blood beast soul in the shape of a lady that was awarded to the Chosen, there was hardly any sacred-blood beast soul that takes human form.  
  
Han Sen's bloody slayer was a precious sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul because it had a pair of human hands that allowed him to use all sorts of techniques.  
  
Yi Dongmu watched Han Sen bolting toward him and gave his dagger a harder grip. He held the sacred-blood dagger backhanded and launched his body at Han Sen. The distance between the two was shorter and shorter.  
  
All the moves of Yi Dongmu fell in the eyes of Han Sen, who felt every stretch and twist of his opponent had followed his expectation. He could see through Yi as if Yi was no more than a puppet.  
  
Between two assassins, if one was much better, something like this would happen.  
  
Han Sen knew everything about Yi while Yi didn’t even know Han Sen was good at sneak attacks as well. And that had determined Yi’s loss.  
  
It did not matter that his speed and strength were both greater than Han Sen.  
  
When the two clashed, the katana painted golden by Han Sen moved and was suddenly returned to its sheath. The movements of the weapon were as smooth as floating clouds and flowing water.  
  
They continued sliding nearly 30 feet in opposite directions before they stopped. Han Sen’s magnificent body was as steady as a mountain, while Yi Dongmu slowly turned around and stared at Han Sen’s back. He stressed each syllable, "What is that skill called?"  
  
"Bladestorm." Han Sen replied without looking back.  
  
"I will fight you again. And next time I will not lose." Yi said and walked down the stage. The moment he went down, he fell to the ground with a thump. Blood was welling from a cut in his chest so deep that his bones could be seen.  
  
The entire First God’s Sanctuary went quiet. Billions of viewers of the match opened their mouths but could not make a sound.  
  
No one could believe that the result would be like this. They could accept it if it was the other way, but Yi Dongmu who was invincible like a king was defeated by Dollar in one blow, which was hard to swallow.  
  
Not to mention Yi’s fans, even Dollar’s fans had never thought that Dollar could win like this. Even the optimistic ones believed it would at least take Dollar quite some effort to win.  
  
But no one thought that Yi would lose in such a shameful way and in his strong suit, close combat.  
  
Han Sen turned his head back and looked at Yi Dongmu who was struggling to get back on his feet. He said calmly, "Not bad. You survived a serious strike from me."  
  
Han Sen turned away.  
  
"Not bad... not bad…"  
  
This sentence blew all the viewers’ minds. In the eyes of the public, Dollar’s figure suddenly became more and more grand and brilliant.  
  
"Dollar..." Dollars’ fans finally came to realization of what had happened and started shouting and jumping up and down.  
  
The silence was broken and the entire First God’s Sanctuary became festive. Everyone was talking about this incredible fight.  
  
"That went down pretty fast!"  
  
"Ha-ha, in your face, Yi’s fans!"  
  
"Not just the fans, but also the media in the entire Alliance, except for Fang Mingquan’s Contest Center. Y’all thought Yi was gonna win. How about this? He is beat before even getting to top 10... "  
  
"Now think about it, Fang Mingquan sure had some vision. His analysis actually made a lot of sense. We were just blinded by Yi Dongmu’s performance and didn’t listen."  
  
"Lin Feng is the visionary one. No wonder he was the runner-up last year. He knew this long ago."  
  
"Ha-ha, it seems this year it will be between Lin Feng and Dollar."  
  
"We really owe Fang Mingquan and Dollar an apology."  
  
"Fang Mingquan was wronged."  
  
"Not bad... ha-ha... what a line..."  
  
A match that took less than ten seconds had changed Dollar’s image completely.  
  
"What a line! Next time I have to try it--not bad, you survived a serious strike from me." Tang regretted that it was not him who came up with the line.  
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# 105 From A Loner to the King

Snap!  
  
Wang Changqing’s comlink was smashed by him. Eyes bloodshot, he panted heavily like a hysterical beast.  
  
Dollar had beat Yi Dongmu. The public opinion of the entire Alliance was suddenly turned over. Contest Center and Fang Mingquan that had suffered lots of criticism were sent to the altar. Lots of people were saying they owe the program and its host an apology.  
  
More and more people poured into the Contest Center to watch Fang Mingquan’s analysis. The show had made it into the eighth place in ratings, a record high.  
  
Huaxing Station had never seen such achievement with any show. In the past, the best record they had was the 19th place.  
  
Top 10! No one even dared to dream this big. The host would be proud enough if the show was in top 100, and be thrilled if it made top 50.  
  
There was no doubt that Contest Center and Fang Ming had both made it. Although Contest Center was a show that would end after the contest, Fang Mingquan’s outstanding performance had won him fame. No matter what show he host in the future, he would always have great ratings.  
  
Now Huaxing Station considered Fang Mingquan a pillar of the station. Even Xu Kangnian was smiling at him all the time and showering him with compliments, making Wang Changqing so jealous that he wanted to bite Fang with his teeth.  
  
After Fang got off work and returned home, he sat in front of the French window and looked at the view of a busy night with a cigarette between his fingers, taking a puff from time to time. His body was still shaking.  
  
Now that everything was over, Fang started to sense some fear. He didn’t even believe his own analysis as he didn’t even watch the matches. He simply believed in Dollar, the man who moved him by saving the girl and he thought a man like that must do well.  
  
So Fang Mingquan was just betting on Dollar to become the Chosen. Whether he could get the first place or not, it was no longer important.  
  
The fight against Yi Dongmu and Lin Feng’s invite had made Dollar’s reputation peak and Fang Mingquan had also succeeded.  
  
"Dollar, you really are my lucky charm!" Fang Mingquan relaxed and celebrated the fact that he had made the right bet. If he had lost the bet, he did not even dare to think of the result.  
  
He was not afraid to lose, but this time too much was at stake. If he had lost, he might have to leave his favorite industry.  
  
The puff reached his lungs and an intoxicating feeling started to spread from there. Fang silently looked at the nightscape and his excitement gradually subsided.  
  
When all the excitement was gone, Fang Mingquan got up to turn on his smart device. He wrote an article titled "A King Marches in Loneliness."  
  
A king is always lonely.  
  
When others are laughing with friends to show off their humor,  
  
He is sweating in silence.  
  
The king is always lonely,  
  
When others are chasing fair maidens,  
  
He is bleeding on the battlefield.  
  
A king is always lonely.  
  
When the whole world is against him,  
  
He stared into the front.  
  
A king is always lonely.  
  
When he is abandoned by all,  
  
He is still firmly marching forward,  
  
Only to realize his dreams afar.  
  
I just want to say,  
  
Dollar, please accept my allegiance.  
  
A loner like me whishes to follow you who are lonely too.  
  
You win, I will be with you.  
  
You lose, I will be with you.  
  
Fang Mingquan finished the article and did not sign leave his own name under, instead he wrote "from a loner to the king."  
  
When Fang Mingquan uploaded the article on the Skynet, it went viral at an incredible speed, triggering a huge response.  
  
"Damn, I cried reading this. It reminded me of when I trained hard to be admitted to a military school. Others admired me for being admitted, while they had no idea about the effort I made. I had to train even when I had a fever. It was tough."  
  
"Fang Mingquan wrote well. I was reminded of the days I struggled in God’s Sanctuary."  
  
"This is simply my true portrayal!"  
  
"I am also a loner. Spending at least 28 days in God’s Sanctuary each month, I just want to work harder so that my family can live better. But I am so tired and I need company."  
  
"No matter what happens in the future. From this moment on, I am a fan of Dollar and Fang Mingquan's. I will be with both of you, too."  
  
"Dollar, please accept my allegiance."  
  
"You win, I will be with you."  
  
"You lose, I will be with you."  
  
"Loner +1."  
  
"I like Fang Mingquan. You follow Dollar, I will follow you."  
  
"If God gave me another chance, I would never have said anything bad about Dollar."  
  
"+1."  
  
"+10086."  
  
"Dollar, you are my king."  
  
"A King Marches in Loneliness" had made Dollar and Fang a tremendous success. As Fang became a real celebrity, Dollar had gained many hardcore fans who would not sway easily.  
  
Reading the piece himself, Han Sen felt touched, too. During the first three months when he had just entered God’s Sanctuary, the loneliness and helplessness he experienced were maddening. He had gone this far because of his dreams and the people he cared about.  
  
If it weren’t for his mother and Han Yan, Han Sen might have given up on himself.  
  
Han Sen wanted to reply to the article, but he eventually let that thought go.  
  
"Let us keep marching forward for what we truly cherish. No words could express my feeling." Han Sen silently logged out.  
  
Hen Sen rested for a while, and decided to check if there was any hyper geno art on footwork that suited him in Saint Hall. Yi Dongmu’s footwork was paired perfectly with his sneak attacks, and the footwork was what Han Sen lacked. If he could practice some footwork to work with his Sleeveblade skills, he could reach an even higher level in the combat.  
  
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# 106 Someone Good

Articles about Dollar could be seen everywhere on the Skynet. But it was too late to write about him as Contest Center was the only program everyone talked about. The peer shows were much less popular.  
  
A lot of businesses were looking for Dollar and wished to hire him to endorse their products. Some people wanted to dig out his true identity and there were all kinds of speculations, but no one was certain anyway.  
  
Han Sen was now browsing the S-Class section in Saint Hall, dazzled by all the S-Class hyper geno arts on footwork.  
  
From the description alone it was difficult to see whether the footwork would suit him, but Han Sen had no better choice than these S-Class hyper geno arts.  
  
After reviewing all the descriptions, Han Sen locked down on a footwork named Sparticle.  
  
Having purchased Sparticle, Han Sen watched the tutorial and started to learn.  
  
Soon he found that Sparticle is somewhat different from the footwork he had in mind.  
  
Han Sen was hoping to have a footwork that helped him speed up and pull him close to his opponent in an instant. Sparticle was fast enough and theoretically he could reach the highest speed that his body could take by practicing Sparticle.  
  
But this hyper geno art was focused on the explosive force. Although he could reach a very high speed instantaneously, the speed could only last one or two steps.  
  
Sudden burst of speed and one unparalleled step, that what Sparticle was all about.  
  
Footwork like this was very powerful in a close combat and even more so when paired with sneak attacks that Han Sen was best at. But the previous problem was still not completely resolved—it was still hard for him to approach his opponent from afar.  
  
"This is nice too. My abilities will be enhanced in close combat. And if my enemy is not too far away, this will work." Han Sen was not too disappointed, Sparticle was also helpful to him. It was just different from what he had imagined.  
  
Originally, Han Sen thought that he should learn a footwork like the one used by Yi Dongmu, which involved erratic and rapid steps, but this would do as well, just in a completely different style than Yi's.  
  
Han Sen drank a bottle of geno solution for Sparticle and hurried to start practicing. Hopefully it would make a difference in the ranking rounds that was to begin in ten days.  
  
In the afternoon, Fang Jingqi suddenly sent him a message to ask him to meet about something important.  
  
Han Sen went to Fang Jingqi's villa and found out that Fang was asking him to join Fist Guy's team to hunt a sacred-blood creature.  
  
"Fist Guy could not deal with the creature with his own men, but he did not want to team up with Son of Heaven or Qin Xuan. He did find the weakness of the creature and has a plan that calls for a good assassin. He did not know someone like this but he did not want to share the meat of the creature with the other gangs either. I know you are also in Steel Armor Shelter, so I've recommended you to him. If you join them, you won't get a share of the meat but will be paid with a mutant three-eyed beast mount. As for the beast soul of the sacred-blood creature, we will follow the tradition—whoever gets it could keep it." Fang Jingqi paused and said, " The pay is very good. If Fist Guy does not insist on having the meat to himself, the share you get could not possibly be of the same value as a mutant beast soul mount."  
  
Han Sen nodded, Fang Jingqi's words were reasonable. The share of meat he could potentially get was probably less than half of what a mutant mount was worth.  
  
"When and where?" Han Sen was secretly calculating the time needed for this trip. It was ten days until the next round, and he wondered if he could make it back.  
  
"I cannot tell you the specific location, and you will need about six or seven days in total," Fang Jingqi said.  
  
Han Sen certainly understood that no one would leak the information of a sacred-blood creature. With Fang Jingqi's estimate, he felt reassured as even if there was a delay, he could still make it back in time.  
  
In fact, Han Sen did not care for the ranking matches. It did not matter to him how he ranked among the Chosen as long as he could have the reward, which was the same for everyone in top 10. He was really looking forward to fight Lin Feng though, to see how good Lin actually was.  
  
Han Sen promised he would join Fist Guy. He had always wanted a mount and here came his opportunity to get a mutant one. Plus, he had a chance at the sacred-blood beast soul as well. So why not?  
  
Fang Jingqi gave Han Sen a coin and said with a smile, "I only said that I would recommend someone good, but didn't name you. Take this to the agreed place and he will know."  
  
Han Sen nodded and took the coin. Fang Jingqi took him to dinner before letting him go.  
  
The next day when Han Sen entered Steel Armor Shelter, almost all the people were talking about Dollar's match against Yi Dongmu and "A King Marches in Loneliness," but they preferred to call the piece "From A Loner to the King."  
  
After all, Dollar was from Steel Armor Shelter and everyone in the shelter felt honored about it, except for Son of Heaven's gang.  
  
"I am a celebrity now, but unfortunately I cannot tell anyone that is me," Han Sen thought.  
  
First, he went to find Yang Manli and took a leave, explaining that he wanted to hunt an important creature, hiding the fact that he was in fact joining Fist Guy's team.  
  
Hunting was crucial and Han Sen's training results were fairly good. Yang Manli did not give him any trouble before she granted his leave.  
  
Han Sen came to the agreed place and saw Fist Guy and his gang under a tree enjoying the cool, obviously waiting for someone.  
  
"Ass Freak, what are you doing here instead of following Qin Xuan around?" A gang member saw Han Sen and ridiculed.  
  
Han Sen did not speak, but fished out the coin from his pocket and flicked it with his finger. The coin drew an arc and fell in the palm of Fist Guy.  
  
Holding the coin, Fist Guy looked at it and felt incredible. He asked Han Sen, "You are the person Fang mentioned?"  
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# 107 Show Us What You Go

"No way, Fist Guy. This is the guy you told us about?"  
  
"Ass Freak is the master your friend recommended?"  
  
"Brother, are you kidding us?"  
  
"Brother, are you playing with us?"  
  
Fist Guy’s men were talking at the same time as none of them believed Ass Freak was the man.  
  
Fist Guy was also upset. Fang Jingqi said he would send him a master of assassination, but he did not expect it to be Han Sen.  
  
Fist Guy knew Fang Jingqi well and knew that he would never mess around. Since Fang had recommended Han Sen, he must have his own reason.  
  
Fist Guy regarded Han Sen and said, "Fang said that you are skilled in assassination?"  
  
"Better than average," Han Sen said.  
  
"Better than average? We are going to kill a sacred-blood creature. Can you manage that?" Little Finger said with distrust and curled his lips.  
  
This gang was different from the Qin Xuan’s gang and Son of Heaven’s gang. It had no military background and Fist Guy did not pay for the gang members. Fist Gang was formed by a group of friends and Fist Guy was their leader. The members all referred to each other with nicknames.  
  
Thumb, Index Finger, Middle Finger, Ring Finger and Little Finger, plus Fist Guy were the backbone of Fist Gang. All six were here today, which showed the importance they attached to this sacred-blood creature.  
  
Fist Guy had almost maxed out on his sacred geno points and all he needed was the meat from this one creature to get there. After that he could enter Second God’s Sanctuary with max sacred geno points.  
  
That was why this time they were not sharing the meat but chose to pay with a mutant beast soul mount.  
  
Fist Guy gave Little Finger a wave to stop him, gazed at Han Sen, and said, "I trust Fang, but this is very important for us and I have to be responsible for my brothers. Please show us what you got."  
  
Drawing a dagger from his waist, Fist Guy handed it to Han Sen.  
  
Han Sen was not offended as he knew his reputation in Steel Armor Shelter was not great. He had thought this might happen and did not really blame these guys for it.  
  
Han Sen reached out a hand and grabbed the dagger. When Fist Guy was about to withdraw his arm, Han Sen’s hand moved. Just when Fist Guy wanted to dodge, the dagger he just gave Han Sen was already on his neck. Suddenly Fist Guy froze and his hands were still in the air as he was not even able to put them up for defense.  
  
The rest of the gang were all dumbfounded with their face stern.  
  
They knew well Fist Guy’s skills. Although it was a sneak attack from Han Sen, the guy was still able to catch Fist Guy off guard and put a blade to his neck. None of the finger brothers thought they could do the same.  
  
Han Sen moved the dagger away, stepped back, and threw it back at Fist Guy. He asked with a smile, "Do I need to do another test?  
  
"No, let’s hit the road." Fist Guy said simply. He contemplated Han Sen and tucked the dagger back at his waist.  
  
Little Finger and other members were curious about Han Sen, not expecting the infamous Ass Freak to have such skills. But they did not say much either and summoned their mounts to go.  
  
Not having a mount, Han Sen was invited to sit together with Fist Guy on his mutant mount, which was as strong as a rhinoceros. The gang marched toward the southern mountains.  
  
Along the way, the gang had never stopped unless necessary. On the third day, they finally stopped at a grand canyon. Han Sen estimated that if it were not for the mounts, it would have taken them half a month to get here.  
  
They could no longer ride in the canyon, so Han Sen followed the gang on foot. Along the side of the valley they walked down and saw a billowing river, which was still not their destination.  
  
Having walked for more than two hours, they finally saw a large cave on the side. It was dark inside and they lit torches before going in. Once they were in the cave, columns of stalactites caught their eyes.  
  
"Be careful. Although we have cleared them up last time we came, the cave has a complex structure so there is no guarantee that we’ve got them all. Also there could be some new creatures hidden somewhere. Everyone pay attention," said Fist Guy solemnly.  
  
All answered aye and Thumb led the way holding a mutant beast soul shield in his hand. The rest followed him into the depths of the cave.  
  
Little Finger was walking on the end with a pair of beast soul coutels in his hand, vigilantly looking around.  
  
Inside the cave, water was dripping from above, the sound of which was particularly clear in the cave. The stones under their feet were slippery and held puddles of water more than an inch deep here and there.  
  
People were very careful, not because it was difficult to walk, but for fear of dangerous creatures that might appear any time.  
  
Along the way Han Sen saw a lot of old bloodstains, which must be left from when the gang was here last time.  
  
Obviously their worries were unnecessary as they had encountered no danger on the way. The gang must have done a good job last time as there was not even a primitive creature.  
  
"Pay attention, guys. We are about to see it. Do not make a noise," whispered Fist Guy who was directly behind Thumb after they had walked for four or five hours.  
  
In fact, these words were meant for Han Sen, as everyone else had been here before and knew that they were approaching the creature. They were tiptoeing like cats, making absolutely no sound.  
  
Han Sen nodded to Fist Guy, who then signaled Thumb to keep going. In a short while, they were at the end of the path and the space suddenly became huge. A stone hall appeared in front their eyes. The stalactites hanging from the ceiling were about 30 feet long, which were not even one tenth of the height of the cave. Unknown black vines were growing everywhere in the cave and the leaves on the vines were as black as ink. There were even black flowers dotted on the vines.  
  
Where they came from was like a tunnel that was connected to the hall’s wall and there were many entrances like this one. Fist Guy indicated silence to Han Sen with his finger and then pointed underneath them. Han Sen looked down and his eyes lit up.  
  
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# 108 Hunting A Sacred-blood Creature

Han Sen saw that at the bottom of the cave, a black pangolin-like creature more than six feet long with its whole body covered with in crystal scales was drinking water from a pool.  
  
"That is the creature. Its hearing is no good but it has got excellent eyesight. Even a sacred-blood beast soul weapon could hardly hurt its scales. Its biggest weakness is its soft belly," explained Index Finger unhurriedly, who was a refined young man.  
  
"Even if its stomach is its weakness, it is on all fours and I can’t really flip it over and stab there," Han Sen said.  
  
"Of course not. As long as there is a sign of trouble, this guy will roll itself into a ball. And then it would be like a snail hidden inside the shell and its belly would be protected. Its scales could also flip up and become circular saw blades. When it rolls, it’s like a spiked wheel and even the thickest armor would be cut open by that. And no one’s body could stand that either," Little Finger cut in.  
  
"How is this a weakness then?" Han Sen could not help but frown.  
  
"Certainly we cannot attack it head-on. Its strength is formidable and its speed is too high. No one could afford taking a hit from it." Fist Guy hesitated before he pointed at the pool at the bottom and said, "Our plan is that in a while, we will go out to drive it away and you can take the opportunity to hide under water in the pool. When it goes to drink again, you make the attack from below the water at its soft chin. It would be great if you could leave the weapon in its chin so that it could no longer curl up. At that time we could kill it however we like."  
  
"Fist Guy, no wonder you are willing to pay me a mutant mount. I’d be risking my life." Han Sen said to Fist Guy.  
  
"If it is easy, we will not pay such a big price. Can you do it or not?" Little Finger whispered.  
  
Everyone awaited Han Sen’s decision, looking at him.  
  
"I can try. But since I am putting my life on the line here, I have to get paid first in case I die there." Han Sen pondered and said.  
  
"OK," Fist Guy agreed readily and transferred the mount to Han Sen.  
  
Now that they were here already, as long as Han Sen got into the water, they did not worry he would run away. So, it was fine to pay him first.  
  
Index Finger took a small oxygen cylinder and respirator from his bag and gave them to Han Sen, so that Han Sen could stay in the water longer.  
  
After everything was ready, Fist Guy looked at Han Sen and said, "We’ll go out to lead it to one of the tunnels and you should quickly go hide under water. You don’t have much time--30 seconds at best. Is that fine?"  
  
"No problem," Han Sen checked the distance to the pool and then confirmed.  
  
"Well, although its bare skin is relatively vulnerable, you would still need at least a mutant beast soul weapon to pierce that. Do you have one?" Fist Guy was a bit concerned.  
  
Han Sen nodded again. His Shura katana was comparable with a mutant weapon, but he was not Dollar now so he did not bring it along.  
  
But Han Sen still had a mutant black stinger arrow and that would do.  
  
Everything was ready. Fist Guy and his gang members exchanged a look and everyone except for Little Finger climbed away using the vines. They carefully climbed to other entrances to the hall and then threw fist-sized iron balls at the drinking creature from each entrance.  
  
Dang! Dang! Dang!  
  
The balls hit the creature’s black crystal scales and made noises of metal, not even leaving a white mark on the scales.  
  
But the sacred-blood creature was obviously angered. In just a moment, it curled up its body and suddenly looked like a snail—a spiked one. The black scales were turning up and sharp as blades.  
  
The creature started rolling with a thudding and even the stone was cut deeply by its scales. It was fearsome indeed.  
  
In just an instant, it rolled several dozen feet. Not only its speed was incredible, it could also roll itself onto a steep stone wall.  
  
Like a spiked wheel, it rolled upward on the wall and was behind Fist Guy’s men in an instant.  
  
They could not afford to relax and all hid in the respective tunnel next to themselves. The sacred-blood creature followed Thumb into the tunnel closest to it.  
  
"Come on! Thumb can’t hold very long," Little Finger urged Hen Sen to go down.  
  
Han Sen took a deep breath, grabbed the vines and quickly slid down to the bottom. He ran to the pool but did not jump in for fear of making too much noise.  
  
Instead, Han Sen went to the waterside, slowly slid himself into the water and sank.  
  
Seeing Hen Sen diving in the water with the respirator in his mouth, Little Finger was relieved and wiped off the cold sweat on his forehead. When he was about to check on the sacred-blood creature, he saw a shadow rushing from the tunnel where it was and rolled to the bottom.  
  
Its eyes on the side of its body twirled for a while and detected no danger. It then slowly spread its body and crawled around to chew on the black vines.  
  
The reason why the creature had stayed here for a long time was to eat the black vines. Fist Guy’s gang had discovered this and was thus certain that it would not leave before eating up the vines.  
  
The creature was still gnawing the vines when Fist Guy’s gang returned from the back of the tunnel. It chanced that all the tunnels were connected and they made a detour and found Little Finger.  
  
Thumb’s arm was hurt. His blood was dripping and his bone was bared.  
  
"Thumb, you all right?" Fist Guy and others asked nervously.  
  
"I’m okay, but my mutant shield was ruined when used to block the creature. If we could not kill it, it would not be worth it at all." Thumb said distressed.  
  
"I wonder if Ass Freak could finish the task." Little Finger watched the quiet pool and the creature eating the vines with a worried look on his face.  
  
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# 109 Scaled Armadillo

"I hope he can." Looking down, Fist Guy was not sure either.  
  
One could never be sure about the result when one was about to hunt a sacred-blood creature. The infamy of Ass Freak also added to their lack of confidence in Han Sen.  
  
The gang watched the creature nervously, but it did not have any intention to drink. After chewing on the black vines for more than half an hour, it lay down on a stone and fell into sleep.  
  
Fist Guy and others started to get anxious, as the oxygen cylinder they gave Han Sen was only the size of a palm and the oxygen was quite limited. If the sacred-blood creature spent a long time sleeping, the oxygen would run out.  
  
When they were praying for the creature to get up, it eventually woke up and slowly climbed to the pool, as if their prayers had worked. It stretched its head above the pool and started to lap the water with its tongue. However, Fist Guy and the finger brothers were not too happy about this, as where the creature stayed was far from where Han Sen was hiding. If Han Sen started to swim now however, the waves he made would alarm the sacred-blood creature for sure.  
  
"What now?" The gang members’ hearts raced. Han Sen could not even touch the creature in such distance, let alone kill it.  
  
Unfortunately, the water below was too dark, and they could not see what Han Sen was doing under the water.  
  
Hearts in their mouths, the guys suddenly heard a screech from the bottom.  
  
The sacred-blood creature lifted its head up and there was a black arrow deep in its white jaw, with only less than half the length exposed. Blood was flowing along the arrow shaft.  
  
Not able to find its enemy, the creature wanted to curl up after being injured. However, since its jaw had an arrow in it, it could not curl itself into a perfect ball. Instead, it looked like a jagged tire in an accident, bearing much of its white belly.  
  
Overjoyed, the gang summoned all kinds of weapons and rushed out. The sacred-blood creature was still fierce though badly injured. When it rolled, stones were still crushed under its scales. No one could block it like no one could stand in the way of a bulldozer.  
  
The gang did not dare to fight it head-on and decided to carry on the fight while beating a retreat. Then they saw the creature rolling itself into a tunnel and ran away as fast as it could.  
  
Only then did Han Sen appear from the pool holding Doomsday. The rest paid him no mind and rushed to the cave and chased after the creature.  
  
Han Sen quickly followed them. The creature’s injury did not affect its speed. It soon disappeared in the cave. Fortunately, it had shed a lot of blood, so the gang was able to follow it.  
  
There were toxins on the mutant black stinger arrow and the creature would surely pressure the arrow deeper and deeper as it rolled. Hence its wound had not healed and blood could still be spotted from time to time.  
  
Having chased for more than two hours in the tunnels, they finally saw the light as they had come out of the cave and entered a forest of hoodoos.  
  
The ground was still stained with blood, so apparently the sacred-blood creature had fled among the hoodoos.  
  
"Damn, the vitality of this creature is just incredible. We would have died a long time ago had we shed so much blood, and it was running fast as ever," Thumb cursed.  
  
The terrain was rugged so they could not use their mounts. Everyone kept chasing on foot.  
  
As they were running, Han Sen suddenly heard a voice in his mind, "Sacred-blood creature scaled armadillo killed. The beast soul of scaled armadillo gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."  
  
Han Sen paused and could not believe the scaled armadillo had already died. What was more surprising was that he even gained its beast soul.  
  
Seeing Han Sen suddenly stopped, the rest looked to him and asked, "What happened?"  
  
"The scaled armadillo is dead," replied Han Sen.  
  
"Scaled armadillo?" The rest suddenly realized that scaled armadillo was the name of the sacred-blood creature and all became thrilled.  
  
"Your arrow is poisonous?" Fist Guy quickly asked.  
  
"Yes, but the toxicity does not seem to be strong enough to kill a sacred-blood creature." Han Sen had some doubts himself.  
  
"The scaled armadillo must have rolled itself so hard that the arrow pierced its brain," Ring Finger guessed.  
  
"Yes, that is quite plausible. Let’s hurry," Thumb said eagerly.  
  
The gang followed the blood stain and turned around a corner before they saw the dead scaled armadillo.  
  
However, they all paused. What they saw was different from what they had imagined. The scaled armadillo was dead indeed, but it did not seem to die because of Han Sen’s arrow.  
  
A gorgeous bird more than nine feet tall with silver body and ruby eyes was using its silver hook-like claws to tear the scaled armadillo’s body and peck at its flesh. The scales that even a sacred-blood weapon could not break were torn apart like they were made of paper.  
  
Han Sen now knew that it was indeed not his arrow, but this silver bird that had killed the scaled armadillo. For some reason, it was still counted as his doing.  
  
"S\*#t! Another sacred-blood creature, with wings!" Thumb screamed out loud.  
  
His voice turned all faces dark. The bird that was enjoying its meal suddenly cast its ruby-like eyes in their direction. The moment it spotted them, a murderous look appeared in its eyes and it spread its wings like clouds that blocked the sky and flew toward them.  
  
"Scatter!" Fist Guy shouted, turned and bolted. This silver bird was so strong that they were by no means its match. Since even the scales of the scaled armadillo could not withstand its claws, they simply had nothing to fight it with.  
  
Han Sen was also running as fast as his legs could carry him.  
  
The gang had scattered, but as Han Sen looked back, he realized that the silver bird had chosen him to follow, its ferocious bird eyes red as blood gazing at him unblinkingly.  
  
"S\*#! Maybe God envies my newly-gained beast soul." Han Sen secretly cursed and continued to run desperately.  
  
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# 110 Escape

Fortunately, it was a forest of pagoda-like weathered rock hoodoos. Han Sen was taking his cover behind the pagoda-like hoodoos and paid no mind which way he was going as long as he could get rid of the silver bird.  
  
However, the horrendous silver bird was still following him. Under its claws, even a car-sized stone was crushed in an instant. Its strength was almost divine.  
  
After running for a while, Han Sen was suddenly in the open and out of the hoodoo forest. He complained inwardly, "Now without the hoodoos as my cover, how could I outrun this damned bird."  
  
Without the cover of the hoodoos, the silver bird uttered a ferocious hoot and rushed toward him.  
  
Without hesitation, Han Sen summoned the bloody slayer and black beetle and turned himself into a golden centaur, running with all four hooves.  
  
Han Sen had always trusted the speed of the bloody slayer, but this time he failed to run away from the silver bird. Instead, the bird was catching up.  
  
"Am I going to die here?" Han Sen complained inwardly. The shapeshifting time was limited and his current geno points would give him less than an hour. Once his time was up, how could he ever outrun the ferocious silver bird with his own feet.  
  
But now Han Sen had no time to think. He had to focus on running as fast as he could.  
  
As for the purple-winged dragon beast soul, Han Sen did not dare to summon it at all. Once he used wings to send himself in the air, his flying speed would be even lower and he would be turning himself into a meal for the bird.  
  
Looking at the endless plain, Han Sen ran desperately while the silver bird was snapping at his heels. As time passed, Han Sen started to feel a severe soreness and knew that his shapeshifting time was almost up.  
  
As Han Sen was considering whether to turn around and fight the bird head-on, he heard a rumbling of water ahead of him. It seemed that there was a wide river there. Suddenly, his eyes lit up.  
  
Without thinking any further, he ran at his full speed toward the sound and used Jadeskin fully so that he could shapeshift a bit longer.  
  
Han Sen soon saw a wide river with roaring waves more rapid than the Yellow River.  
  
Seeing this river, Han Sen was overjoyed. Now he only wished that this silver bird did not know how to swim so that he could take refuge in the water.  
  
Running desperately with four hooves, Han Sen felt his body muscles were being torn apart as he had exceeded his shapeshifting time limit.  
  
But the only thing left to do was to hang on and keep running to the river. Giving up shapeshifting now was equal to giving up his life.  
  
Six hundred feet away from the river, Han Sen’s eyes were bloodshot and the pain in his body almost made him scream. Yet he had to run.  
  
Five hundred feet... Three hundred feet... One hundred feet... Ten feet...  
  
As Han Sen thought his body was about to explode, he had finally made it to the river. With acute pain, he threw himself into the water.  
  
Thump!  
  
Han Sen heard a loud noise behind him, and then felt a burst of pain on his back that almost made him black out.  
  
His heart froze, knowing the silver bird had followed him into the water. The desire to survive made him muster what was left of his energy and try to dive deep into the river.  
  
At this point, Han Sen could no longer keep up shapeshifting, or else his body would break down. The moment he turned into himself, he felt he was pushed downstream at an incredible speed.  
  
He tried not to faint, as he could drown in such torrents before he was eaten by the bird.  
  
He summoned the mutant black barracuda, and a mutant mount more than four feet long appeared next to him. Holding tight on the mount, Han Sen controlled it to dive to the bottom.  
  
When Han Sen could no longer hold his breath, he sent the mutant black barracuda to the surface.  
  
Finally getting a little break, Han Sen was glad to find the silver bird was nowhere to be seen. It seemed that it did not know how to swim and just clawed his back when he jumped into the water.  
  
His back was still in great pain, and his whole body felt like it was falling apart with spasms in his muscles. He felt like he was made into a plate of sashimi with his flesh being sliced off.  
  
The consequence of shapeshifting overtime made Han Sen helpless. Fortunately, he had his black beetle armor for protection, or else the creatures in the river that had sniffed the smell of blood would have torn him apart.  
  
Groups of strange fish more than two feet long hovered around him and tried to bite his body from time to time. The sacred-blood armor had thwarted all their attempts.  
  
Withstanding the maddening pain, Han Sen grabbed the Z-steel dagger in his sleeve and stabbed it into a strange fish next to him. The fish was gutted as he pulled the dagger fiercely, and it died without struggling.  
  
"Primitive creature black lantern fish killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten primitive geno points randomly."  
  
Seeing other black lantern fish hurrying over to the dead one, Han Sen quickly cut off a large chunk of fatty meat from its belly and threw the rest of the dead fish aside.  
  
Watching groups of black lantern fish chasing the dead body away, Han Sen took a bite at the meat in his hand. It tasted fishy and bitter, but Han Sen could not afford to be picky. When he jumped into the water, his back was clawed by the silver bird and his backpack was lost. With no water or food left, he could only rely on this creature’s meat to gain some strength.  
  
If he wanted to live, he must have enough strength.  
  
But the fish meat was so unpalatable that Han Sen only ate half of it and threw the rest away. He would throw up otherwise.  
  
With some physical strength recovered, Han Sen started to observe the surroundings. Although it was already at night, the starlight and moonlight were so bright that he could still see mountains and forests along the river. But he still had no idea where he was.  
  
Gathering his strength, Han Sen commanded the mutant black barracuda to swim up to the shore.  
  
His luck was not too bad. Next to the shore was a grove of trees. He looked around and found no trace of creatures nearby.  
  
With a long sigh of relief, Han Sen climbed up into a tall tree’s crown. When he was about to take a good rest and treat his wound, a beast roar rang in the mountain near him.  
  
"How bad can my luck be?" With a wry smile, Han Sen vigilantly looked in the direction of the roar.  
  
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# 111 Glory Shelter

Seeing it was actually several youths hunting a lion-like creature, Han Sen felt God had not abandoned him yet.  
  
Taking all his beast souls back and putting the dagger back into his sleeve, Han Sen slowly walked toward the youths and said after they killed the creature, "Friends, may I ask where this is?"  
  
The youths that were still thrilled over their kill were startled by Han Sen’s voice and turned to him with weapons in their hands. After seeing Han Sen who was in rags that were dripping blood, they were suddenly relieved.  
  
"Why are you here alone?" asked a young man in beast soul armor, looking at Han Sen with some doubt.  
  
"I came with some friends and not sure it was good or bad luck, we ran into a flying sacred-blood creature and scattered. I’m lucky to be alive," Han Sen told half the truth.  
  
"A sacred-blood creature? Where?" The youths were shocked.  
  
"I don’t know now. I jumped into the river to escape from it and was carried here by the torrents. If you want to hunt it, you could go to the upstream and try your luck. I’m not sure if it would still be there though." Han Sen paused and asked, "Could you tell me where I am first?"  
  
A girl with wide eyes said, "We are not sure either. But if you are heading to a shelter, go west and it will take you about a month to reach Glory Shelter."  
  
Han Sen was a bit surprised. Glory Shelter was where Xue Longyan and Lin Beifeng came from. It chanced that he was near Glory Shelter now. He wondered how far the river had carried him.  
  
It was fortunate that he did not encounter any great danger on the way.  
  
The young man who spoke first suddenly said, "You don’t look like you are in good shape. It so happens that we are heading back. So if you are willing to pay, we could take you with us."  
  
Han Sen smiled. "Does it look like I have money with me?"  
  
"We can sign a contract here and you could pay when we are back in the shelter," replied the young man.  
  
"How much do you want?" Han Sen pondered and asked. He was not familiar with this area. If he followed them, at least he would not get lost.  
  
"A hundred thousand," The young man regarded the bow and arrows Han Sen was carrying and said. "It looks like you are injured. We can give you some medicine and food--meat of primitive creatures."  
  
The rest of the youths were a bit shocked by this price, as a hundred thousand was not a small amount.  
  
"OK. But I would have to pay after we reach the shelter," said Han Sen, spreading his hands out. This trip was fruitful enough and it was most important that he could reach a shelter safe and sound. A hundred thousand was not much for him at this point.  
  
It was a shame that he probably would not be able to make it to the ranking rounds of the contest.  
  
It did not really matter to him though. Even if he did not show up, he would still have the tenth place and would have an equal right to a random sacred-blood beast soul. The only pity was that he would miss the opportunity to fight against Lin Feng.  
  
Although he would miss the match, he had gained another sacred-blood beast soul, which was far more attractive to Han Sen than his ranking. Even if he got the first place, there would be no extra material reward. Therefore, if Han Sen could choose again, he would still have come along. It would be nice though if he had not been thrown in such panic.  
  
"Deal." The young man happily took out pen and paper to draft a simple contract. After Han Sen signed, he gave Han Sen some food and water.  
  
After some self-introduction, the girl with wide eyes helped treat Han Sen’s wound. Once she lifted his shirt up and saw the wound left by the silver bird, she almost let out a yelp of surprise.  
  
A foot-long wound spread across Han Sen’s back, with flesh ripped apart. The bleeding had almost stopped.  
  
Han Sen thought it was fortunate that he was already in the water and both his backpack and sacred-blood armor provided some protection when the bird attacked, so that his spine was not hurt. Or he would have died a long time ago.  
  
The injury looked scary. However, he had great physique and Jadeskin. Even with no medicine, his wound would not get any worse.  
  
The girl cleaned his wound with alcohol and bandaged it. The youths all said Han Sen was lucky to keep his life.  
  
The guys in the group chopped up the lion-like creature’s body, picked some branches, made a fire, and put chunks of meat on it to barbecue. They shared a chunk with Han Sen after it was ready.  
  
Han Sen grabbed the meat and devoured it. He needed to gain some energy badly.  
  
"Primitive creature yellow lion’s meat eaten. Zero primitive geno point gained."  
  
Han Sen had got familiar with the youths after traveling with them for two days. They were not bad people. Because they were from humble families and had nothing special about them, they did not make it into some large gangs. Instead they grouped up to hunt creatures themselves.  
  
They did not dare to poke any strong creature for lack of strength. This way there was not much risk involved as they were always picking on primitive creatures that were alone.  
  
Their situation was much better than Han Sen when he had first entered God’s Sanctuary, as they were together while he had been alone. But he could still relate to them sometimes.  
  
With the medicine and food supplies, Han Sen was recovering much faster. With his physique and use of Jadeskin, his wound was no longer serious just a few days later.  
  
At the foot of a mountain, they suddenly heard a screeching. Several of them looked up and saw some black figures rushing down from the mountain, terrified.  
  
"Run! It’s black-tailed monkeys!" shouted Xu Xiangqian, the leader of the youths.  
  
Although the black-tailed monkeys were merely of the size of cats. As primitive creatures, they were rather swift and their claws were toxic and it would be dangerous for one to be scratched by them. Seeing at least a dozen monkeys rushing down, the youths were all shocked.  
  
They might be able to cope with one or two of them, but once they were caught up by the dozen here, it would be hard for any of them to stay alive. Surrounded by mountains, it was almost impossible for them to outrun the monkeys who were used to climb.  
  
Suddenly, a trill of the string was followed by a scream of a monkey. The youths turned around and saw a black-tailed monkey was pierced by an arrow in the head and fell to the ground. And the archer was Han Sen on the side.  
  
"Han Sen, let’s go! There are too many black-tailed monkeys here and we will be in trouble if surrounded by them," sail Li Xiaogu, the girl with wide eyes hastily.  
  
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# 112 The Archer

Han Sen ignored her urging and drew the string of Doomsday at the black-tailed monkeys sweeping across the slope, screaming.  
  
The youths thought Han Sen was out of his mind. How many of the monkeys could he possibly kill? Once he was besieged by them, one scratch would mean death.  
  
While they were still anxious, they heard the string sounded once again and it did not stop.  
  
A black shadow flashed and instantly shot through a black-tailed monkey's head. The next moment, the arrow went back to the hands of Han Sen and was driven through another monkey’s head.  
  
There was no extra movement or any deviation. The bow and arrow were almost integrated into one, with a mysterious beauty.  
  
String, arrow, death—everything was so natural and smooth, as if this was the way it should be.  
  
Xu Xiangqian and the other youths were stunned and stopped running. They could not believe the black-tailed monkeys’ heads were penetrated just like this.  
  
More than half of the twenty-some black-tailed monkeys were shot dead by Han Sen before they could make it to the foot of the mountain, and the few survivors screamed and fled back to the mountains.  
  
The youths were still frozen and looked Han Sen up and down as if they had seen a ghost.  
  
Suddenly, they heard a screech of anger from the mountains and soon saw a black-tailed monkey more than twice the size of the normal ones reaching the foot of the mountain in an instant like a whirl of wind.  
  
"A mutant black-tailed monkey!" Li Xiaogu was shocked.  
  
Following her cry, an arrow flew across with a firm sound of string.  
  
Whoosh!  
  
The mutant black-tailed monkey was suddenly shot in the head, with its whole body carried away and nailed on a tree behind it by an arrow.  
  
Li Xiaogu and the rest were looking at the monkey nailed on the tree astonished. And when they looked to Han Sen in a few seconds, he had put the bow back on his back as if he just did something quite trivial.  
  
On the day of the ranking rounds of the contest, almost everyone was watching the matches, the match that they were most looking forward to being Dollar versus Lin Feng.  
  
But until the start of the match, Dollar was still nowhere to be seen.  
  
Because a total-point system was used in the ranking rounds, every contestant must fight all nine others. Whoever won the most matches would have higher ranking.  
  
So in the beginning, when it had not been Dollar’s turn yet, the viewers were still hopeful that he might show up later. However, Dollar did not even show up at his own rounds and ended up losing by default.  
  
There was an uproar among the viewers, as they were very disappointed in Dollar’s absence after waiting for such a long time. All kinds of speculations and gossips began trending.  
  
Some said Dollar was injured when hunting a sacred-blood creature and thus could not make it.  
  
Some said Dollar was an active duty soldier and was executing orders on the battlefield, so he could not participate in the contest.  
  
Of course, some said Dollar was afraid of Lin Feng, and did not dare to come.  
  
However, this argument was relatively unpopular. After all, Dollar’s strength had been recognized by the vast majority in his fight against Yi Dongmu.  
  
With all kinds of speculations in the Alliance, people first thought of Fang Mingquan and Contest Center and wished that Fang would have a satisfactory answer to why Dollar did not show up at the ranking rounds.  
  
Naturally, Fang Mingquan had no way of knowing that. So he simply wrote an article "You Are My Uncrowned King" to indicate the Dollar was his only king and champion forever no matter which place he ended up having.  
  
Getting no answer from Fang Mingquan, people were still curious. But there was no one who knew the reason why Dollar did not show up no matter how many analyses there were.  
  
Until the end of the contest, Dollar still did not make his appearance. He was considered lost by forfeit in all his matches and ranked number 10 in the end.  
  
But no one doubted the strength of Dollar. At least he would not be number 10.  
  
And the champion was highly predictable. Lin Feng still allowed all his opponents to perform wonderfully before defeating them. It was the same in every match of his.  
  
The focus of the ranking rounds was not the ranking. There was not even much discussion on who the champion would be. The hottest debate was if Dollar had come, who would the champion be.  
  
In an interview with Lin Feng, a female reporter asked him, "Did Dollar choose not to come because he fears you?"  
  
Lin Feng replied casually, "Just like I will never be afraid of any opponent, neither will he."  
  
He then ignored all other interviews.  
  
Unable to reach Lin Feng, reporters then turned to chase his buddy Tang Zhenliu.  
  
This made Tang really depressed. He was the runner-up this year, which was the best ranking he had so far and no one cared about that. They might congratulate him on that in the beginning, which was always followed by questions about Dollar.  
  
"Tang Zhenliu, if Dollar were in the matches, who do you think would be the champion, Dollar or Lin Feng?"  
  
"Tang Zhenliu, why do you think Dollar was absent?"  
  
"Dollar and Lin Feng, who would be more likely to win?"  
  
"Do Dollar and Lin Feng know each other?"  
  
"Are you and Dollar friends?"  
  
All kinds of questions made Tang dizzy and he ended up hiding at home so that the journalists could not besiege him.  
  
The Skynet was also flooded with posts discussing these questions. Some were praising Dollar and some criticizing. The debates lasted for about a month after the contest was over.  
  
It took Han Sen and the youths more than half a month to reach Glory Shelter.  
  
The youths told Han Sen it would take a month, which was an estimate according to their own speed, considering they had to bypass large groups of creatures. With Han Sen on the team, they did not need to take detours any more, as the archer could clear the path.  
  
As long as the creatures were not in too large a group, Han Sen could always keep them at least 30 feet away, making the youths realize the benefits a great archer could bring.  
  
Because of the performance of Han Sen, some of them had changed their focus to archery.  
  
After Han Sen reached Glory Shelter, he found that he could not claim the reward for the Chosen there and had to claim it at the sacred stele in Steel Armor Shelter where he registered in the contest.  
  
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# 113 My Conquest Is the Sea of Stars

Han Sen could not immediately go back now, so he first teleported out of God’s Sanctuary and as soon as he was in the Alliance, he saw on his comlink many unanswered calls from Fang Jingqi. He called back and heard Fang’s relieved voice, "You are not dead yet?"  
  
"Good people are not so easy to die. Tell Fist Guy that I cannot go see him right now and will give him the mutant mount back." Their contract stipulated that if the sacred-blood creature was hunted, Han Sen could have a mutant beast soul mount, but since the scaled armadillo was taken by the silver bird, Fist Guy’s gang must have gone back with nothing. There was no reason for Han Sen to keep the mount.  
  
"No need. After you led the silver bird away, the gang managed to bring back the body of the scaled armadillo. They lost a little bit to the bird but it does not matter much. They have been really worried that you might have been killed by the bird." Fang Jingqi laughed.  
  
"Unfortunately, I had no sacred-blood beast soul bow or arrow, or I would have shot the silver bird down as well. It got lucky," joked Han Sen.  
  
"If you need sacred-blood beast soul bow and arrow, here is a chance." Fang Jingqi grinned.  
  
"What chance? You are not asking me to risk my life again, right? I have no interest to do it a second time," said Han Sen, actually feeling quite interested inwardly.  
  
Doomsday was good, but not quite enough to kill a sacred-blood creature.  
  
"In two months, Fist Guy will enter Second God’s Sanctuary and will sell some of his beast souls, including a sacred-blood bow. If you are interested, you could take a look, "said Fang Jingqi.  
  
"Will do." Han Sen hung up and went outside. Yang Manli was standing at the gate of the teleport station, gazing at him.  
  
"Where have you been? Aren’t you aware that the entrance examination to Blackhawk is about to start? If you do not get admitted, do not say that I have trained you, because I cannot afford to lose face like that," exclaimed Yang Manli in anger.  
  
"I was hunting a creature with friends and something went wrong. I just got back to the shelter. I am really sorry." Han Sen knew that he had been gone longer than he asked for, so no wonder that Yang Manli was mad.  
  
"Whatever, your admission had nothing to do with me. I actually wish that you won’t pass the exam so that I will not have to see you every day." Yang Manli was very dissatisfied with his indifferent attitude.  
  
Han Sen shrugged. He knew Yang Manli was not a bad person, but she always sounded mean. She must want him to go back into training.  
  
But Han Sen had to go home now that he had been gone for many days. He could only let Yang Manli down for the moment.  
  
Seeing Han Sen still left the teleport station instead of going back to train, she thought bitterly, "It would make no sense if this bastard were admitted to Blackhawk."  
  
Han Sen returned home and checked in with his mother before going to bed.  
  
He was not in a hurry to claim his sacred-blood beast soul. He could claim it any time at Steel Armor Shelter before the next contest started.  
  
Entrance exam to Blackhawk was in just a few days and he planned to take the exam before finding his way from Glory Shelter to Steel Armor Shelter. But he had to make it back to Steel Armor Shelter before Fist Guy auction his beast souls. He was very interested in that sacred-blood beast soul bow. In addition, the shreeky beast should finish evolving into a sacred-blood beast by that time and he could not waste that.  
  
Thinking of beast souls, Han Sen summoned the beast soul of the scaled armadillo, which was a huge black round shield about four feet wide. the shield was covered in scales and spikes and looked quite fearsome. It was more for offense than defense, as whoever knocked over or cut by the shield would suffer severe injury.  
  
"Really great stuff, if it’s paired with the speed of the bloody slayer, even Qin Xuan would not dare to take a hit from it." Han Sen thought of the scene and laughed out loud.  
  
The next morning, Han Sen went to the teleport station for training, and Yang Manli gave him another fitness test.  
  
Han Sen used Jadeskin to keep all his score between 10 to 11, making Yang Manli fairly satisfied.  
  
Han Sen did not know how much his actual fitness index was as he had not used his full strength in the tests recently. Also, he had gained another five mutant geno points from eating the mutant black-tailed monkey and now had a total of 52 mutant geno points.  
  
Yang Manli used the few days left to put Han Sen on a detailed comprehensive training program, so that he could not slack at all.  
  
As a soldier, although she was no fan of Han Sen's, she still made every effort as it was an order from Qin Xuan to train him. Whether he could eventually be admitted was none of her business. She actually did not want Han Sen to be admitted as she thought Dollar was the best candidate for the archer in the squad.  
  
But Dollar's whereabouts were never predictable and she could not even locate him, let alone persuade him to join the squad, which made her rather upset.  
  
When the entrance exam was about to begin, Qin Xuan as the stationmaster could not leave the teleport station to accompany Han Sen to Plant Hawk where Blackhawk Military Academy was. Instead, she gave Han Sen an interstellar spaceship ticket, and asked him to go take the exam.  
  
Han Sen had already talked to Luo Sulan about going to a military academy. She was very supportive of his decision. If he could go to a famous military school and graduate, he could serve as a low-level officer instead of a soldier, even if his grades were just average. This way he did not have to suffer too much and his chance of survival on the battlefield would also be higher.  
  
If his grades were excellent, then it would be even better. In that case, maybe he would be assigned to a relatively safe position, which was what Luo Sulan wanted. Her only worry was that Han Sen might not be able to pass the entrance exam to such a good school as Blackhawk.  
  
After all, Han Sen only graduated from the integrated compulsory education system and his chance of entering a military academy which was challenging for even many private school graduates was indeed worrisome.  
  
On the interstellar spaceship, Han Sen looked at the infinite space outside the window and his heart started to race. It was the first time ever for him to leave Planet Roca.  
  
At this moment, Han Sen suddenly remembered a line from a book he once read, "My conquest is the sea of stars."  
  
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# 114 The Prize Is A Date

Long interstellar travel was very boring. Many people would choose to go to the gym or go on the Skynet to kill time.  
  
Han Sen's destination,Planet Hawk,was not too far away, it would still take a few days.  
  
Han Sen felt rather bored sitting alone and was trying to decide if he should go to the gym. Suddenly he saw a girl sitting opposite him using her comlink to play a game that looked like Hand of God online.  
  
Han Sen thought it was similar to Hand of God because the game he played in the teleport station was via a holographic device that monitored one's entire body, while the one the girl was playing was a comlink game that could be played with one hand.  
  
The girl's fingers were long and pretty, hitting the spots near her hand at a dazzling speed.  
  
What Han Sen did not understand was what seemed to be the difference between this game and the one he had played.  
  
In addition to those light spots, there were also the holographic image of a palm, which was hitting the spots nearby as if it was trying to beat the girl to them.  
  
Han Sen watched for a while and roughly understood that it was an online mini version of the game Hand of God. The one he used to play was the single-player version.  
  
After finishing her round, the girl saw Han Sen staring at her and gave him a cold glance.  
  
Han Sen then noticed that the girl was actually stunning. She was his age or maybe older. Wearing a suit that looked like a uniform, she had a sweet face like a porcelain doll with small red lips and black hair.  
  
The girl saw Han Sen still staring at her and deliberately turned away, continuing to play her game.  
  
Han Sen stood up, walked next to the girl, and said with a smile, "Are you from Blackhawk?"  
  
The girl turned back and looked at Han Sen, slightly surprised. "You also go to Blackhawk?"  
  
"Not yet, I'm going to apply," Han Sen said.  
  
The girl heard his reply and seemed to have lost interest in him. There were numerous applicants to Blackhawk each year and the admission rate was less than one in a thousand.  
  
She thought it was just Han Sen's pickup line. She had seen too many people like him and was no longer surprised.  
  
"Sister, what is that game you are playing? It looks a bit like Hand of God," Han Sen sat down next to the girl and continued the conversation.  
  
The girl had no choice but to turn back and look at Han Sen. Suddenly her lips turned upward into a sly smile. "Don't ask and play against me. If you win, I could even go on a date with you."  
  
The girl took for granted that everyone knew the Skynet version of Hand of God, especially an applicant to a military academy. Han Sen must be using this to get her attention.  
  
"So, if I win, you are willing to be my girlfriend?" Han Sen looked at the girl in surprise, not believing what she said was true.  
  
This girl had a sweet face and a nicer body. Her long legs and plump bosom were accentuated by her small waist. She was a beautiful girl indeed.  
  
She was still a bit young at this time, but in a few years, once she became a woman, she would be as attractive as, if not more alluring than Qin Xuan.  
  
A girl like her would become his date as long as he beat her in Hand of God. It was a great deal for him either way.  
  
"Of course, Ji Yanran always keeps her words. If you are admitted to Blackhawk, you could ask around and everyone would tell you so." Ji Yanran grinned.  
  
She was a junior at Blackhawk and the president of Hand of God Society. She was definitely among the top 10 at this game in Blackhawk. Not even too many professional players had the confidence to beat her, let alone Han Sen who had not even made it to the military school yet.  
  
"Great. Let's begin now." Han Sen felt he could not miss such a great deal—to get himself a pretty date before even going to school. He would not have too many opportunities like this one.  
  
Ji Yanran gave him a sweet smile, "Since it is a showdown and you could potentially have me as your date, what would you offer if you lose?"  
  
"If I lose, I will be your boyfriend. Is that fair?" Han Sen said earnestly.  
  
Ji Yanran gave him a stare and said, "Save it. Your lines don't work on me. If you lose, you cannot show your face in front of me from now until the moment we arrive at Planet Hawk."  
  
"Deal." Han Sen nodded.  
  
He saw Ji Yanran play and thought she was much slower than himself. He was confident that he could win.  
  
"What is your game ID? I will add you and invite you into my group." Ji Yanran wanted to get rid of him as fast as possible.  
  
"I'm sorry sister, I have never played this version of Hand of God. Could you show me how to play first?" Han Sen spread out his hands helplessly and said.  
  
He used to play on the device in the teleport station and had never tried using his comlink.  
  
"You really don't know how to play?" Ji Yanran did not believe him.  
  
"Which name should I search?" Han Sen turned his comlink on.  
  
"Well, I will see how long you could keep this up." Ji Yanran did not trust him at all, but she was not angry either. She wanted to see how long he could keep his pretense, so she told him how to enter the game.  
  
She saw Han Sen using his comlink number to enter the game and was quite shocked, because the pop-up window on his comlink was a tutorial, which would only appear when the game was installed for the first time.  
  
"You really have never played Hand of God?" Ji Yanran threw a surprised look at Han Sen.  
  
"Not this version. I have only played the single-player version," replied Han Sen.  
  
"The two versions are quite different, and you dared to play against me when you have never played the versus mode?" Ji Yanran felt both shocked and amused, as she thought this guy was driven purely by passion indeed.  
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# 115 Cheating Device

"Should be similar." Han Sen began to play in training mode, which could not be skipped and was meant to show new players how to use the versus version.  
  
Han Sen used to play the single-player version and had no opponent. In training mode, there was a hand trying to beat him to the spots, which took some effort for him to get used to, so he looked a bit clumsy.  
  
Sometimes, Han Sen only found a spot gone when his finger moved over, which was quite different from when he was playing alone.  
  
In addition to paying attention to the spots, he also had to pay attention to the action and intention of the other hand.  
  
Ji Yanran saw him playing in the training mode and was rendered speechless. He was such a rookie that she had no idea where he gained the nerve to challenge her, president of the Hand of God Society.  
  
"It looks a bit challenging indeed. Can I practice a bit before playing against you?" Han Sen asked.  
  
"Sure, anytime." Ji Yanran believed a rookie like him would not be her match even after practicing for a semester.  
  
She wanted to show him some grace, so that when he lost, he would have no excuse to bother her again.  
  
Han Sen got Ji Yanran’s permission and returned to his seat to play online. He soon discovered that versus version was much more interesting than the single-player version.  
  
Playing alone simply required him to be fast, while more factors were added to the versus version, including what and when the opponent would move, which made the game more fun.  
  
Han Sen played a few rounds and gradually mastered the versus version. In fact, as long as one had the skills and ability to judge correctly, the versus version was actually easier.  
  
After all, the single-player version was all about speed and in the versus version, all you had to be was faster than your opponent. If your opponent was weak, it would be really easy to win.  
  
Han Sen was only trying to study the game itself and did not care about the result, so he lost five games in a row.  
  
Han Sen played a final round when he had fully grasped the tricks. His opponent was not even able to hit a single spot and he had a complete victory.  
  
Feeling that he was ready, Han Sen went to Ji Yanran and said, "Sister, I am ready. Would you add me?"  
  
"What is your ID?" Ji Yanran was not about to make any comment. She would win anyway, and all that was left to do was to drive this annoying fly away.  
  
"Win-a-girlfriend," Han Sen told her his ID.  
  
Ji Yanran stared sharply at Han Sen, but did not say anything. It did not matter. He could not beat her no matter what ID name he used.  
  
Han Sen saw a friend request and the ID name was Souvenir.  
  
Ji Yanran looked at Han Sen's record and saw he had lost five out of six rounds.  
  
She did not even know where to begin so she said nothing. Setting up an online game room and password, she invited Han Sen to enter.  
  
The moment Han Sen entered the room, Ji Yanran picked a level and started the match.  
  
At the end of the countdown, a holographic image was projected from his comlink. in addition to the image like a crystal ball, there was also the image of Ji Yanran’s pretty hand.  
  
Ji Yanran saw a spot flashing and immediately moved a finger over to touch it, but before she could do that, she saw a finger of her opponent on it and the spot disappeared.  
  
Ji Yanran did not mind it and thought Han Sen got lucky. That spot was closer to his palm anyway.  
  
When the second spot appeared, she pointed to it at full speed, but when her little finger was about to touch it, a finger from the holographic image once again beat her to it.  
  
Ding!  
  
The spot disappeared and Han Sen gained another point, and Ji Yanran's score remained zero.  
  
Ji Yanran paused but still believed that it was pure luck. A rookie like him could never be better than she.  
  
But when the third spot appeared, Ji Yanran once again lost the spot she wanted to press.  
  
Ji Yanran raged, as this time she saw clearly that Han Sen was targeting her, only aiming at the one spot she wanted to press.  
  
"Brat, I will let you know you should never mess with a Blackhawk girl." Ji Yanran was fully focused this time and was prepared to teach Han Sen a lesson.  
  
She still thought she had just lost a few points because of her carelessness.  
  
However, the same thing happened to the fourth spot and she still did not get a single point.  
  
Ji Yanran was getting more and more angry. Her slender fingers danced away, but regardless of which spot she went for, her opponent could always hit it first.  
  
Ding ding ding!  
  
The sound of spot getting hit continued to ring. Ji Yanran was dumbfounded as she was not even able to get a single spot. Han Sen had got them all.  
  
"Impossible... this is not possible..." At the end of the game, Ji Yanran was stunned by the score, 0:59.  
  
She had tried 59 times and was blocked 59 times. Han Sen did not hit any other spot than the ones she was going for. He was just targeting her.  
  
But Ji Yanran could not believe that as the president of Hand of God Society, she would get no points at all, which seemed absurd.  
  
"How is anyone able to do this? Even Jing, who is the best player in Blackhawk, could not have done this, not to mention the kid has not even been admitted to Blackhawk." Thinking of this, Ji Yanran bristled.  
  
Because she thought of another possibility. Legend has it that a hacker had designed a cheating device of Hand of God, which could 100% prevent the opponent from getting any points—exactly what had happened. Han Sen must have used this cheating device in their game.  
  
Ji Yanran was more convinced when she thought about it. Nothing could explain how he could have blocked all her points. Human simply could not be so accurate.  
  
Even some could achieve this, a kid who had not even been to military school would not be one of them.  
  
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# 116 Admission

"Sister, so I won, right?" Han Sen walked over with a smile. Having such a pretty girlfriend when he just entered the school was something he would be quite proud of.  
  
"You used a cheating device, so it does not count," Ji Yanran said angrily.  
  
"Cheating device?" Han Sen was a bit shocked.  
  
"Stop pretending. You blocked all my points and it simply looked fake. If it was not for a cheating device, how could you have done it?" Ji Yanran pouted and said. Her look seemed to be saying, "I have already seen through how despicable you are."  
  
"I do not know what a cheating device is." Han Sen spread out his hands.  
  
"Keep pretending if you will." Ji Yanran was certain that Han Sen had cheated.  
  
"If you do not believe me, we can have another match," Han Sen said.  
  
"You have a cheating device, so the result would be the same no matter how many times we play." Ji Yanran curled her lips with disdain.  
  
Han Sen was dumbfounded and said, "My comlink is here. You can check yourself and see whether I have a cheating device installed."  
  
"I do not understand how it works or where you hide it." Ji Yanran had determined that Han Sen had cheated and she did have a point. Han Sen's performance looked like he was cheating indeed.  
  
His ability to predict and his reflexes were so strong that even Yi Dongmu was not his match, let alone Ji Yanran.  
  
Han Sen felt that he was wronged, but Ji Yanran would not believe him.  
  
"Then how can I convince you that I did not cheat?" Han Sen spread out his hands helplessly.  
  
"Easy. When we arrive at Blackhawk, we could have another match using the professional equipment there and if you could still win, I will believe that you did not cheat and will then honor my promise," Ji Yanran said with confidence. She believed Han Sen must have used a cheating device which would not work on professional equipment. His scheme would be exposed then.  
  
"Alright then," Han Sen smiled and said, "but you gotta tell me what your name is?"  
  
"My name is Ji Yanran, and you can ask anyone to find out where I am." Ji Yanran believed Han Sen had cheated and would not be her match at all, so she told him her real name without hesitation.  
  
"Beautiful name." Han Sen smiled.  
  
"Well, if you want to enter the school and play against me, you must be admitted first, and a nobody could never enter Blackhawk," Ji Yanran thought to herself.  
  
Han Sen did not bother her anymore, but went back to his own seat and continued to play the versus version of Hand of God.  
  
He only played against Ji Yanran because it was fun and did not really think that this would win him a pretty girlfriend, so he did not really care.  
  
Although Ji Yanran was beautiful, Qin Xuan and Yang Manli were not bad either. Therefore he was not really smitten, but only thought she looked sweet and was an interesting girl.  
  
Ji Yanran was no longer in the mood to play. She gave Han Sen a stare before going to the lounge and taking some rest.  
  
As he continued to play the game, Han Sen was feeling less bored. He did not see Ji Yanran again until disembarking. She took her luggage and got on a private luxury aircraft, giving him another stare before leaving.  
  
Han Sen paid no attention to that and checked in at the hotel Qin Xuan had booked for him, waiting for the entrance exam to begin.  
  
Military schools were different from how they had been centuries ago. In this era, one could take the entrance exam of whichever military school one wanted to go to. As long whoever qualified would be admitted.  
  
With Han Sen's condition, he could pass the exam on his own. But with Qin Xuan's recommendation, he could benefit from the special enrollment program and meet lower standards. However, in this case, he needed to do much better in archery.  
  
This was nothing difficult for Han Sen. He controlled his strength to reach just the standard of special enrollment, and did not stand out in archery either, simply finishing the task.  
  
In spite of this, Han Sen's performance in archery was still among top 10. In this era, very few people practiced archery. Although archers were highly valued in God's Sanctuary, in the Alliance any sniper could use a modern weapon to kill an archer, despite the fact that it was much harder to learn archery.  
  
In addition to specially cultivated soldiers, very few people would learn archery on their own and even fewer were good at it.  
  
The reason the special enrollment program existed was that Blackhawk's Department of Archery was one of the weakest among all military schools in the Alliance, which was a disgrace to a famous school like Blackhawk. That was why they were trying to recruit student archers to revitalize the Department of Archery.  
  
Smoothly admitted to Blackhawk as a specially enrolled student, Han Sen went through some procedures and became a military school student.  
  
After reporting the result to his mother, Han Sen did not hear Luo Sulan speak for a long while. He faintly heard her sobbing.  
  
"My son was admitted to a famous school," Luo Sulan said with blissful tears after a while.  
  
Han Sen heard her voice and his eyes became wet. His mother had been through so much these years.  
  
After informing his mother, Han Sen called Qin Xuan and she said casually, "Congratulations. I have taken care of the procedures for you to join the squad. From now on, you are my guy."  
  
"Stationmaster, what does the squad do?" asked Han Sen curiously.  
  
"Babysit," Qin Xuan said in a strange voice.  
  
"Babysit?" Han Sen was shocked and did not understand what a special squad would have to do with nurse or nanny.  
  
"Our task is to take care of some special kids, such as Yuan and Qing whom you already knew. They are also our clients. By taking care of them in God's Sanctuary, we can gain handsome rewards. For example, S-Class licenses of Saint Hall that can't be bought would be paid to you if you finish certain tasks." Qin Xuan explained and then told him, "There are some formalities where your signatures are needed and you need to keep some things in mind. But let's go into details later in the shelter."  
  
"My family..." Han Sen wanted to ask the most important question.  
  
"The report has been submitted. Within a week, your mother and sister will be under the protection of the military. Unless you kill Son of Heaven's father or marry his wife, he probably will not be so desperate that he risks doing something stupid. Your family will be safe in the Alliance, about which you can absolutely rest assured," Qin Xuan solemnly committed.  
  
"What if he really is desperate?" Han Sen asked again.  
  
"He does not dare," Qin Xuan said casually, sounding full of confidence.  
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# 117 Jadeshell Beast Soul

After completing all the admission procedures, Han Sen did not go directly to school. He must return to Steel Armor Shelter before school was in session. Otherwise he would never have such a long period of free time. He needed to participate in various training programs and could not spend half a month or even longer in God’s Sanctuary.  
  
Han Sen got in touch with Lin Beifeng and asked him about the route he took when coming to Steel Armor Shelter from Glory Shelter. Then Han Sen also did some research on the Skynet.  
  
Because Glory Shelter was closest to Steel Armor Shelter, there were quite a few people that had traveled between the two.  
  
With all the information and his own experience, Han Sen soon figured out a way to go back to Steel Armor Shelter.  
  
This route was very dangerous for others, but for Han Sen it was fine. According to his judgment, the hardest part in this route was to travel through Dark Swamp, which he was familiar with and could fly across.  
  
"Sen, you are still in Glory Shelter, right? Can you do me a favor? I will transfer some money to you and can you acquire some beast souls of Jadeshell in Glory Shelter?" Lin Beifeng asked.  
  
"What is that?" Han Sen was puzzled.  
  
"It’s a primitive beast soul armor, very common in Glory Shelter. Although there is the word ‘armor’ in Steel Armor Shelter, there were very limited beast soul armors nearby. I estimate that you could buy a Jadeshell beast soul with less than a hundred thousand, which could sell at least two hundred thousand." Lin Beifeng said excitedly, "Sen, I will offer the capital and you put in the effort. How about we split the profit fifty fifty?"  
  
"OK, let’s do this. Remember to transfer me the money first. I am so poor now that I don’t even have ten thousand in my account." Han Sen was telling the truth as he had less than ten thousand after paying his own tuition and fees.  
  
"Ha-ha, I'll do that right away. In fact, there are a lot of good things in Glory Shelter. If you have time, I will do some research," Lin Beifeng said eagerly.  
  
"Next time. I am on a tight schedule and have to make it back to Steel Armor Shelter as soon as possible. Otherwise when the military school is in session, I could not afford to be absent," Han Sen said.  
  
"Sen, I made so much effort to look for you, while you are going away to some military school. I have to follow you there," cried Lin Beifeng.  
  
"Why would you put yourself through such hardship? With your family's financial resources and connections, you would not need to go to the front even if you serve." Han Sen paused and said, "Moreover, now enrollment has almost ended."  
  
"Well, forget about it then. I will go send you the money." Lin Beifeng was depressed.  
  
Han Sen soon received the money from Lin Beifeng. It was as much as twenty million. Even if one beast soul cost a hundred thousand, he could buy two hundred beast souls.  
  
Although it was a very common kind of primitive beast soul, it was hard to acquire as many as two hundred. As Han Sen did not want to waste any time, he had to finish acquiring them in one day. So he felt it would be good enough to get just one hundred.  
  
The process was much smoother than he had thought. There were indeed plenty of jadeshell beast souls in Glory Shelter. In the beginning, he could buy one at fifty or sixty thousand. Later, the highest price he ever gave was just eighty thousand.  
  
In one day, Han Sen bought 187 jadeshell beast souls and it was an incredible number.  
  
If he had more time, he would love to spend more time in Glory Shelter. If he could go back successfully this time, he would come here again for sure.  
  
After preparing for the trip, Han Sen finally embarked on the road between the two shelters.  
  
The journey was surprisingly uneventful. And as he had expected, both shelters were on the verge of Dark Swamp and the paths from each shelter to the swamp were rather safe.  
  
The most dangerous part was inside Dark Swamp, but Han Sen was no stranger to the swamp. He had not really been to the part near Glory Shelter and could only try to fly in the right direction. A few days later, he saw the familiar black stinger forest.  
  
It was much easier after that. When Han Sen returned to Steel Armor Shelter safely in only a little more than sixteen days, he let out a long sigh of relief.  
  
It was just a couple of days until school started and he did not want to be kicked out for being absent. He could come back so fast mainly because of the mutant beast soul mount Fist Guy gave him. The mutant three-eyed beast mount was as strong as a bull and carried him at full speed all the time except for when he was flying over the swamp. It was much faster than him walking.  
  
Otherwise he might not be able to return to Steel Armor Shelter even in a month.  
  
Lin Beifeng widened his eyes when seeing Han Sen. "Sen, well done. You are back safe and sound from Glory Shelter in just half a month."  
  
"Here are the beast souls. You sell them however you like." Out of breath, Han Sen transferred all the beast souls to Lin Beifeng.  
  
Although he only spent half a month on the road, he barely had any shuteye. He was almost practicing Jadeskin to keep himself awake all the time and was about to collapse at this point. A deep sense of fatigue made him unwilling to speak and want to go to bed right away.  
  
Han Sen fell directly on the bed in his room in the shelter and slept for two days straight. When he woke up, he felt like his whole body was falling apart.  
  
He did make some progress with Jadeskin though. When he was practicing it, the coolness that flowed in his body got stronger.  
  
Han Sen sat up, his eyes falling on the shreeky beast he was feeding. Its fur was dark and shiny like black jade. And it was twice the size it used to be.  
  
"The shreeky beast has finally evolved into a sacred-blood creature!" Han Sen was filled with ecstasy. Carrying a dagger to kill it, he felt his mouth watering. He was so hungry after the long sleep and his body was so tired. This shreeky beast would do well to provide him with some nutrition.  
  
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# 118 Fairy Queen Beast Soul

"Sacred-blood creature shreeky beast killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten sacred geno points."  
  
Han Sen had little interest in listening to the voice. He was staring at the meat cooking in the pot with his mouth watering. His stomach was rumbling as he was starving.  
  
But Han Sen was still being patient. He waited until the meat stew was ready and started to gobble directly from the pot.  
  
"Meat of sacred-blood shreeky beast eaten. One sacred geno point gained."  
  
"Meat of sacred-blood shreeky beast eaten. One sacred geno point gained."  
  
...  
  
Han Sen gorged himself silly and devoured nearly 20 pounds of meat and soup altogether, which even scared himself.  
  
But as the warmth spread in his body, he felt so comfortable as if he was a sponge that was filled with water. He lay on the ground and almost moaned out loud.  
  
"Sacred-blood meat is indeed wonderful. If I could have such a pot every day, I would be so healthy and strong." Han Sen licked his lips. Unfortunately, he only had such a blessing every three months.  
  
With the five sacred geno points gained from eating the shreeky beast, he now had 34 sacred geno points. It had only been half a year and he had one third the maximum count of sacred geno points. No one would believe him even he told people the truth.  
  
He went to the plaza and bought a primitive creature the size of a chicken and fed the black crystal to it. While doing this, Han Sen had something else on his mind.  
  
He could finally claim his beast soul reward from the contest. No matter what kind of beast soul he got, it would be a sacred-blood one, what many people could only dream of.  
  
"What is the best? A bow? A mount? Or a humanoid beast soul?" Han Sen thought it would be difficult for him to choose, because he wanted everything. However, he had only one chance and it was not even up to him.  
  
At midnight when there was no one around, Han Sen quietly entered the martial ring, which had been closed after the contest. Except for him, no one could enter before next year’s contest started. After he had claimed his prize, he would not be able to enter either.  
  
Standing in front of the sacred stele, Han Sen placed his palm on the stele and suddenly all kinds of images of beast souls started shifting rapidly on the stele.  
  
Han Sen removed his palm and the images were still changing and slowed down after a while.  
  
Han Sen's heart was racing with the images. When the image froze on one beast soul, Han Sen was completely attracted by it.  
  
A seductive blonde woman with hourglass figure and scarlet pupils in red fitting armor and a ruby crown, walked out from the stele and smiled at Han Sen, almost stealing his soul away.  
  
Then she became a shadow and entered Han Sen’s mind. He suddenly heard the voice say, "Sacred-blood beast soul fairy queen gained."  
  
Han Sen was ecstatic and quickly checked the details of fairy queen.  
  
Type of sacred-blood beast soul fairy queen: shapeshifting.  
  
"Shapeshifting!" Han Sen almost cheered, but on a second thought, it was a shame that such a beautiful beast soul could not be summoned to stand alone, but had to be integrated in his body.  
  
But a shapeshifting beast soul was undoubtedly the most expensive beast soul type, not to mention it was a humanoid.  
  
Han Sen could not wait to summon the fairy queen beast soul and turn into a fairy.  
  
Suddenly Han Sen’s body was wrapped in red armor, and a ruby crown was worn on his head. His pupils became scarlet like the fairy queen and his dark hair turned blonde. Basically he turned into the male version of the fairy queen.  
  
Han Sen felt all aspects of his fitness had been greatly improved. Although the improvement in speed and strength was not as great as with the bloody slayer, all aspects were very balanced.  
  
This beast soul also came with a suit of armor, which was not as strong as the black beetle armor, but would be comparable to a top mutant armor beast soul. The fairy queen beast soul had enhanced his abilities in all aspects in a balanced way. To Han Sen’s surprise, his eyesight seemed to have become very strong after shapeshifting into the fairy queen. He could even see the fine lines of a rock very far away from him. He was also feeling odd about something—as if everything has slowed down in his eyes. Han Sen did not know whether it was just his illusion.  
  
The only pity was that when using fairy queen, he could not use bloody slayer or black beetle armor.  
  
But this did not matter much, because fairy queen's own armor was also quite good.  
  
The best part for Han Sen was that he could use this beast soul and shapeshift when using his real identity and no one would know it was Dollar’s prize.  
  
Therefore, as Han Sen, he could also use a powerful beast soul and did not have to turn into Dollar to use bloody slayer and black beetle armor.  
  
Fairy queen was just what Han Sen needed now. He did not want to be considered weak by the world forever.  
  
"All the fairies in myths and legends are with wings. If fairy queen also has wings, it would be perfect," Han Sen thought greedily.  
  
After the excitement, Han Sen sneaked out of the martial ring. The day after tomorrow was the first day of school. He had to go register and then go to his dormitory.  
  
Blackhawk was a military school, so the rules followed military standards. Once enrolled, a student could not go out of the school and had to stay in the dormitory, except for holidays and special occasions.  
  
Although Blackhawk was large enough to assign each student his or her own room, four students would have to share a room in the dormitory so as to enhance team awareness and collective sense of honor. Han Sen’s roommates were all specially enrolled archery students like himself.  
  
Han Sen was the last one to arrive in the dormitory. The other three had moved in for several days.  
  
"Brother, why are you so late? we cannot wait." When Han Sen had moved into the dormitory, his three roommates surrounded him like a bunch of hooligans trying to tease a maiden.  
  
"What do you want?" Han Sen subconsciously protected his chest and looked at them with vigilance.  
  
"Brother, do not be afraid. We just want to discuss with you who our leader should be. I think we should go by age. The oldest should be the leader. As you all know, wisdom grows with age. So, I will make a great leader." The speaker was a big man more than six feet tall. The rolling of his eyes suggested that he might not be so trustworthy, unlike what was suggested by his muscular body.  
  
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# 119 Ji Yanran

To enhance team spirit among students, Blackhawk always trained students by room. So the leader of a room would have more say in most things. That was why they were all trying to be the leader.  
  
"Shi Zhikang, that does not really make sense. Age does not represent anything. I think as a leader, one must be intelligent to gain most benefits for our room. My IQ is 167. How about you? "A gentle and delicate teenager blinked and said.  
  
"Lu Meng, that is not true either. IQ is nothing. I think for a leader the most important thing is EQ. Many with high IQ are idiots in real life. How can someone like that be our leader?" retorted the cunning big man Shi Zhikang.  
  
"Who are you calling an idiot?" Lu Meng squared his shoulders and wanted to argue with Shi Zhikang, but cringed as he saw Shi raising his sturdy arm that could bear the weight of a horse.  
  
"We are all in Department of Archery, so let's decide who the leader is by archery. Whoever is the best shot should be our leader so that we could establish a goal together," suggested Zhang Yang with big eyes, bushy eyebrows and sunny disposition while doing push-ups.  
  
"New guy, what do you say?" Shi Zhikang and Lu Meng looked to Han Sen.  
  
"I think that fellow has a point. Since we are all archery students, the best archer should be our leader." As a part of the group, Han Sen felt it was necessary for him to express his opinion.  
  
"Two votes versus one vote versus one vote. It's done then. We will see who is the best archer by each shooting ten arrows and whoever gets the highest score will be our leader," Zhang said and jumped up. Sweat fell from his bronze skin and he disregarded it. Hugging Shi Zhikang and Lu Meng, he said, "In any case, we are classmates and roommates. Learning and making progress together is the most important thing. Before graduation, we need to make our Department of Archery the best in the entire Alliance. Brothers, work together!"  
  
"Get out!" Shi Zhikang and Lu Meng threw Zhang's arms off. They were tired of the preaching of this hot-blooded kid the past few days.  
  
The four young men went to the training hall, and Zhang Yang got the highest score, shooting at bullseye every time.  
  
Lu Meng was second, Han Sen third, and Shi Zhikang the biggest and oldest was fourth.  
  
Han Sen did not want to be the leader, runner-up, or the last, so he got himself the third place.  
  
The first three months in Blackhawk was the hardest. Every day they must attend the collective training and lectures. They must grasp all the basic knowledge in these three months.  
  
Although they were in Department of Archery, they still needed to learn using firearms, operating warframes, driving aircrafts and other fundamentals.  
  
Blackhawk had way better facilities than the integrated compulsory education system. All kinds of firearms, warframes and aircrafts can be practiced on and Han Sen had learned many things that he had not even heard of before. In these three months, Han Sen was learning like a sponge constantly absorbing water.  
  
Three months later, all four of them passed a comprehensive assessment and officially became Blackhawk students.  
  
In addition to a few compulsory courses, the rest were all elective courses. Apart from not being allowed to leave the school, they were quite free. As long as one could pass the semi-annual assessment, one could even skip all the courses.  
  
But if one failed the assessment, there was only one opportunity to take it again, and if one failed the second time, one would be expelled from school with no exception.  
  
There was a special teleport station on campus, and anyone could go to God's Sanctuary at any time. There were not too many restrictions about that.  
  
The four young men who had just passed the comprehensive assessment ordered a few dishes and several bottles of wine at the cafeteria, celebrating the beginning of their life in Blackhawk.  
  
When they were enjoying the meal, the holographic image in the cafeteria became a match, and instead of combat, it was a game of Hand of God.  
  
"Ji Yanran!" Shi Zhikang suddenly shouted, staring at the pretty girl in the holographic image.  
  
Even Lu Meng and Zhang Yang were staring at Ji Yanran.  
  
"She is famous?" Han Sen saw Ji Yanran and was reminded of their agreement on the way here. But then he was too busy and forgot about it.  
  
"Are you serious? You don't know our campus belle? She is a junior now. Her sweet face, seductive figure, fair skin and 36D..." Shi Zhikang stopped and looked around. He continued when seeing everyone was paying attention to the image, "Ji Yanran is also the president of Hand of God Society. She is among top 5 at this game in our school. A goddess with both brain and beauty. She has many suitors but no one was successful."  
  
"Why?" asked Han Sen.  
  
"No one is good enough for her. I heard that her family has quite some influence in the military, and ordinary families simply are not their match," said Shi Zhikang with some regret.  
  
"Even if her family was okay with it, Ji Yanran will certainly not go out with you." Lu Meng curled his lips.  
  
"As if she would go out with you!" Shi Zhikang was unwilling to show any weakness.  
  
"Ha-ha, where there is a goal there is hope. You have to stay hopeful. Since Ji Yanran is the president of Hand of God Society, let's join that society and try to approach her. If she sees our potentials, maybe she will go out with one of us," suggested Zhang Yang confidently.  
  
Shi Zhikang and Lu Meng's eyes lit up, and they agreed hurriedly, "Great idea. Let's go. We will apply for Hand of God Society right now."  
  
Before Han Sen could finish eating, he was dragged by the three to Hand of God Society.  
  
When they got there, all four of them were stunned and understood the meaning of "people mountain people sea." The line of applicants was so long that it almost went out of the school gate.  
  
"Ahem, I think we are so handsome that we don't need to be with Ji Yanran all day and she will still go out with us," Shi Zhikang said.  
  
"Shi, well said. We are in Department of Archery and must join an archery society. No need to waste our time here," said Lu Meng solemnly.  
  
"I agree with both of you." Han Sen nodded quickly when seeing the long line. If he waited in the line, his whole day would be wasted.  
  
"Go in the line now! A real man never quits." Zhang Yang grabbed Shi and Lu and joined the line.  
  
Han Sen was lucky that Zhang Yang did not have a third hand. It chanced that his comlink was ringing and he saw the call was from Fang Jingqi.  
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# 120 My Girlfriend is Ji Yanran

"Brother, do you still want that sacred-blood bow? I haven't been able to reach you and Fist Guy has already entered Second God's Sanctuary." Han Sen answered the call and immediately heard Fang Jingqi's complaint.  
  
Han Sen suddenly smacked his forehead and cried, "I am sorry. I was in military training and was not allowed to use comlink. I have completely forgotten about this. Is the bow still there?"  
  
"Yes. Fist Guy gave it to Thumb, but..." Fang Jingqi paused.  
  
"But what?" Han Sen asked.  
  
"I need to ask you something and you need to tell me the truth. Did you get the beast soul of that scaled armadillo? Are you willing to exchange?" Fang Jingqi asked.  
  
Han Sen hesitated, and then said, "Yes I have it. Do they intend to exchange with the bow?"  
  
"What type of beast soul is it?" Fang Jingqi asked.  
  
"A big round shield with spikes," Han Sen replied.  
  
"Ha-ha, that will do. If you want to exchange, I will contact Thumb and you two could meet and discuss between yourselves." Fang Jingqi laughed.  
  
"Please contact him." Han Sen was not the kind of guy that purely relied on brute force, so the shield was less useful to him. If he could trade it for a bow, it would be fantastic.  
  
"Okay, I will get back to you."  
  
Han Sen hung up and took a look at Lu Meng and Shi Zhikang who were in the line, and walked toward the teleport station at school.  
  
The creature he started feeding before the military training should have evolved into a sacred-blood creature by this time. That would provide some nutrition for him.  
  
Before Han Sen reached the teleport station, Fang Jingqi called him again and asked if he had time to meet Thumb right away. Han Sen entered God's Sanctuary knowing the time and place to meet.  
  
"Good shield, it really is a masterpiece!" In a grove, Thumb caressed the shield as if it were his lover.  
  
"The bow is also a wonderful bow." Holding a large, black horn bow, Han Sen was also obsessed.  
  
"How shall we trade?" Thumb looked at Han Sen eagerly.  
  
"One priceless item for another," Han Sen said softly.  
  
"Great minds think alike." Thumb gave Han Sen a thumbs-up cheerfully.  
  
"Brother Thumb, I wish you will be unstoppable anywhere you go with this shield." Han Sen laughed.  
  
Thumb wielded the spiked shield, laughed and said, "And Brother Han, I wish you will be invincible no matter who you are against with this bow."  
  
The two smiled at each other, put away their treasures and left the grove, both very satisfied with the transaction.  
  
Han Sen returned to his own room in the shelter and played with the horn bow.  
  
This horn bow was the beast soul of the magic-horned snake. Its effective range was nearly six thousand feet, and that was not yet its maximum range.  
  
The strength required to draw the string of this bow was even less than that for Doomsday, so this was an archer's ultimate dream.  
  
Han Sen even believed that he could use it to shoot a fly six thousand feet away dead with the eyesight of the fairy queen.  
  
"A good horse should be paired with a good saddle. If I could get a sacred-blood beast soul arrow, it would be perfect," Han Sen stroked the curves of magic-horned snake and thought blissfully.  
  
Of course, a sacred-blood beast soul arrow was not so easy to find. Luckily, the cloud beast that Han Sen had been feeding had evolved into a sacred-blood creature, so he killed it to cook a pot of stew.  
  
Han Sen regretted that his cooking skill was not up to par. All he could make was stew and even though it tasted good, he got tired of the same food after all this time.  
  
But when the voice said he was gaining sacred geno points, Han Sen was still very excited.  
  
In the end, the sacred-blood cloud beast contributed five more sacred geno points and Han Sen's sacred geno points had reached 39.  
  
Qin Xuan knew that his schedule would be rather full as he was just enrolled and did not come to him, which gave Han Sen some time to relax himself.  
  
Han Sen returned to his dorm at night and saw his three roommates playing Hand of God.  
  
Seeing Han Sen back, Shi Zhikang ran over, threw an arm around Han Sen's shoulder, and grinned, "Sen, we are playing Hand of God. Join us! Good brothers should share everything."  
  
Lu Meng curled his lips and said, "Your skills are so bad that even if he joins us, he would still beat you."  
  
"Cut it. You won only twice and it was because I was not paying attention. When I get serious, you would lose so bad." Shi Zhikang smiled and said to Han Sen, "Sen, let's play together. You don't have anything to do anyway. Practice with me."  
  
"OK, on the Skynet?" Han Sen smiled.  
  
"Our school has a special Battlenet designed for Hand of God. You can register an account and add me. My ID is Optimus Prime." Shi Zhikang carefully taught Han Sen how to register.  
  
Han Sen registered a Battlenet account, and named his ID "My-girlfriend-is-Ji-Yanran."  
  
He registered successfully and Shi Zhikang hurried him to enter the game.  
  
Han Sen entered the game and sent a friend request to Shi Zhikang.  
  
"S\*#t, Sen, you ID's got some swag," Shi Zhikang saw Han Sen's ID and called out.  
  
Lu Meng quickly took a glance and gave a crooked smile. "Sen, you are asking for trouble on the Battlenet with this ID. All the players playing this game think of Ji Yanran as their goddess."  
  
"I didn't know you have such ambition. I like it." Zhang Yang looked at it and patted Han Sen on the shoulder, feeling satisfied.  
  
"Well, cut the crap. Let me beat you… no… Let us practice..." Shi Zhikang was so excited that he had a slip of the tongue and quickly corrected himself.  
  
"Coming." Han Sen accepted the invitation of Shi Zhikang and entered his game room. Shi Zhikang chose the difficulty and started the game.  
  
After the countdown ended, the game officially began.  
  
Lu Meng and Zhang Yang were not in the mood to watch the match and each found another opponent online and started to play against.  
  
Shi Zhikang was very excited as he kept losing to Zhang Yang and Lu Meng in the game all afternoon and could eventually gain some self-confidence back by playing with Han Sen. He was thinking that he should go easier on Han Sen the first round in case Han Sen gave up too soon. As long as he let Han Sen win by a narrow margin, he could get Han to play with him a few more rounds and settle his craving.  
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